

Servants should see the Small Advertisements on Pages 15 and 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 19.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1903.

One Penny.

39 DOVER ST. MAYFAIR	PAQUIN LTD. DRESSMAKERS MILLINERS and FURRIERS EXHIBITION OF NEW CREATIONS FOR THE WINTER SEASON ROBES MANTLES MILLINERY TAILOR GARMENTS AUTOMOBILE TOILETTES LINGERIE TROUSSEAUX BLOUSES The new "PAQUIN" Corset AND IN A Special Department a Large Selection of CHOICE FURS and FUR GARMENTS At Prices Exceptionally Advantageous TO THE COURTS OF EUROPE	39 DOVER ST. MAYFAIR
LONDON W.	PAQUIN	LONDON W.

Madame H. M. ROWLEY'S
TOILET MASK
 Or Face Glove (PATENTED)
 is a natural beautifier for bleaching and preserving the skin and removing complexional imperfections.
 It is soft and flexible in form, and can be worn without discomfort or inconvenience.
 It is recommended by eminent physicians and scientists as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.
COMPLEXION BLEMISHES may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, &c., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves pounds uselessly expended for cosmetics, powders, lotions, &c. It prevents and removes wrinkles, and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Illustrated Treatise post free two stamps. Address:—
Mrs. H. M. ROWLEY,
THE TOILET MASK CO., 139, OXFORD ST., (Dept. 31) LONDON, W.



DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

SPECIAL SALE OF

MODEL GOWNS,

Blouses, Mantles, and Millinery.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY are offering for sale, to-day, the whole of their Present Season's Stock of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin Models. The Model gowns include a variety of exceptionally fine models by such well-known firms as Doucet, Doeillet, Raudnitz, Martial, Armand, Lafeviere, Sara Mayer, etc., etc.

TO-DAY AND THROUGHOUT THE WEEK.

SALE PRICES.	SALE PRICES.
63 MODEL DAY GOWNS, in Cloth and Velvet, by all the best Paris Makers. All made for the present Season. Original prices £12 to £45... 6½ to 19 Gns.	35 MODEL MANTLES AND JACKETS, in Silk, Velvet, Moleskin and Faced Cloths, including Three-quarter Coats. Original prices £9 to £23 ... 4½ to 15 Gns.
9 MODEL EVENING GOWNS, in Silk, Chiffon, and Crêpe de Chine, richly trimmed. Original prices £30 to £80... 12 to 30 Gns.	SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 150 ENGLISH TAILOR MADE COATS AND SKIRTS, copied from the newest models, in Tweeds and Frieze, all colours. Original prices 52/6 to £6 ... 29/6, 49/6, 69/6
35 MODEL BLOUSES, for day and evening wear, in Silk and Crêpe de Chine, richly trimmed; also in Real Lace. Original prices £6 to £15 ... 3 to 8 Gns.	SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 90 BLACK THREE-QUARTER COATS, in Box Cloth, Zibeline, and Curl Cloth, new shapes, lined with Silks, trimmed. Original prices £4 to £6 ... 49/6 to 69/6
25 MODEL HATS and TOQUES, by the best Paris Makers. Original prices 4 to 8 Gns... 2 to 4 Gns.	SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 50 JAPANESE SILK BLOUSES, in Natural and Black, new shapes, trimmed with Lace, etc. Original price 52/6 ... 29/6
23 MODEL COATS and SKIRTS, in Best Quality Faced Cloths. Original prices £11 to £19... 6½ to 9½ Gns.	
87 PARIS UNDERSKIRTS, soiled, many richly trimmed. Original prices 35/- to £4 ... 21/-, 29/6, 39/6	

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,
 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

A new novel by Mr. Anthony Hope is an event. An entirely new kind of novel by

Mr. ANTHONY HOPE

is an event likely to arouse the interest of readers to an extent that renders it necessary for you to make sure of obtaining your copy of the "Daily Mirror" on

TUESDAY, December 1st,

on which day the publication of "DOUBLE HARNESS" will commence in this journal.

Hewetsons

Furniture, Upholstery, Carpets, &c.

SMART AND USEFUL YULE-TIDE SOUVENIRS,
at lowest prices for equal grade and forwarded carriage paid
to any rail station in Great Britain, may be chosen from

HEWETSONS' NEW BOOKLET
"DISTINCTIVE FURNISHING,"

FREE AND POST FREE.
together with Hewetsons' Large Catalogue containing
Estimates and Schemes for completely Furnishing the
Home at stated terms from £150.



SPECIAL REDUCTIONS DURING REBUILDING.

213-204, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

"Dad
is as
happy

as his
boots are
bright."

"We all use it now!"

We have never had
such a lovely little polish—
we all get up early to
clean our boots and feel
quite proud of the splendid
results—there is no hard
work—our boots last twice

as long—you see Cherry
Blossom preserves the
leather. It is so cheap,
too, only 2d., 4d., and 6d.,
and the outfits—well, they
are marvellous, and so
effective, only 1/-

BUTTERCUP METAL POLISH.

A glorious English manufactured Metal Polish—
does not scratch the metals but leaves only a lasting
and brilliant polish which everyone envies—and
rightly so, too. Just try it, will you? In tins at 2d. & 4d.

Of all Stores, Grocers, Oilmen, and Bootmakers.
MAKERS:
CHISWICK SOAP CO., LONDON, W.

CHARLES LEE,

37 & 35a, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.
(ONLY ADDRESS.)

SPECIAL SALE

During this week only, consisting of several consignments of Manufacturers' Collections of
Samples and Oddments (slightly soiled) in Combinations, Vests, Bodices, Hose, etc. Real
Bargains from a few shillings, at less than half their value.

GOLF JERSEYS, all colours at 7/6; usual price 8/11.

VEILING, best French Nets, becomingly spotted. Prices 6½d., 9½d., 1/-, 1/3½, and 1/6½,
per yard—worth double.

Royalty, Aristocracy, the Press, and Smart Ladies
generally unite in a Chorus of Praise Extolling

LEE'S UNIQUE SYSTEM OF PETTICOAT WEAR.

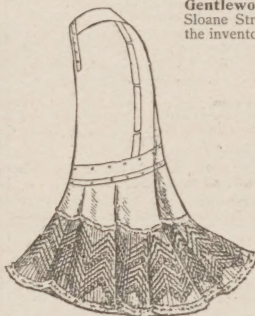
These famous Petticoats (as illustrated) have attained phenomenal success, due to their great
practicability and economy. The tops, carried by the hips, fit like a glove, yet stretch to any
necessary extent round the figure, while the materials are washable, and so woven that they
remain perfectly firm and never give at all in a downward direction. They ensure a perfect
fitting gown. The flounces are adjusted by means of two rows of buttons, and can be raised or
lowered at will to length suitable for walking or house wear. They are specially shaped with a
graceful flow of from 3 yards to 4 yards in girth, thereby giving great freedom.

"Picturesque dressing asks for slim and graceful lines," says **The
Gentlewoman**, "and this circumstance sends us all to Mr. LEE, of
Sloane Street, for those wonderful Petticoats of his production. As
the inventor of these delightful skirts he has won considerable fame."

PRICES OF TOPS AND FLOUNCES.

Ready or to measure, each individual figure receiving
special attention.

Washing Canvas	9/11
Gymkhana Wool (shrunken)	11/9
Lee's latest discovery is a new washing material, known as elastilise, very durable	14/9
Lisle Crepalina, Black and White, washing	15/6
Silk do.	do.	do.	...	21/
Wool do.	do.	do.	...	18/9
Silk Milanese do.	do.	do.	...	23/9
Flounces in Rich Moirette and Chine Jacquard				



Rich Glacé Silk (dozens to select from) 15/9 17/11 21/ 15/6 17/11 18/11 21/ to 5 guineas.
Dainty Flounces in Net, Lace, and Ribbon for Evening Wear.

LEE'S LATEST INVENTION

Is a new hip band adaptable to the Hildalea Petticoat tops, a perfectly practical contrivance,
forming a petticoat with detachable flounces; also the adjustment of knickers or under-
petticoat into one band.

These Specialities are protected under Rd. Nos. 388,556, 405,236, and 419,608, and are
procurable only at this address—

37, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS and see that one of the above
Registered Numbers is stamped inside the Hip-band, without which none are genuine.

The best record for use on any Disc
Talking Machine is the

"NICOLE RECORD."

Price 1/- each (7 inch).

Fits on any Gramophone, Zonophone,
Disc Graphophone, etc.

DISC RECORDS.

NICOLE DISC RECORDS.

Seven inch, 1/- each.
Ten inch, 2/6 each.

HENRY KLEIN & Co.,
84, Oxford Street, W.

THE . . .
Connoisseur.

THE MAGAZINE
DE LUXE.

FIVE
Charming
PLATES

PRESENTED
WITH THE
NOVEMBER
ISSUE.

JUST OUT 1/-

Free Presentation FREE for 14 DAYS ONLY.

SALE
PRICE,
3/6

Postage
4d. extra.

Free Gifts. Sizes 36, 40, 42. Silhouette Strapping and fitted good Linette pocket (as illustration); we shall include free with each skirt a massive fast, gold-pattern curb bracelet with heart pendant, mounted with pearls and turquoise and scented Forget-me-nots.

SEND TO-DAY.

Money willingly returned if not approved.
Sale Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Skirts,
Curtains, &c., post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (DEPT. 4 D.R.),
MANUFACTURERS AND MERCHANTS,
Woodley Road, Leeds.

OKTIS CORSET SHIELDS

DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSET

Simple invention, yet priceless for comfort and wear. Corsets
keep good to the last. The OKTIS Corset Shields greatly
assist the perfect fit of the gown, prevent any ridge,
and ensure a graceful curve at the waist, whilst they do not increase
its size. Made with Zairoid and guaranteed rustless. Of all
Drapers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE MARLBOROUGH,
THE LEADING TEA ROOMS.

ARTISTIC. LUXURIOUS.
ORCHESTRA.

35, OLD BOND STREET, W

OLD
TEETH

OLD ARTIFICIAL
TEETH BOUGHT.

Persons wishing to receive
the very best value should
apply to the manufacturing
dentists, Messrs. Browning,
if forwarded by post, the
best value per return, for
offer made. — 155, Oxford
Street, London, W.

ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is:
Gusty W. winds; cloudy; occasional rain;
fair intervals; mild.
Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.53.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish
Channel, all rather rough.

The Daily Mirror.

Monday, Nov. 23, 1903.

327th Day of Year.

38 days to Dec. 31.

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1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun.	29	6 13 20
Mon.	30	7 14 21
Tues.	23	1 8 15 22
Wed.	25	2 9 16 23
Thurs.	26	3 10 17 24
Fri.	27	4 11 18 25
Sat.	28	5 12 19 26

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Court Circular.

Windsor Castle, Nov. 22.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, the Royal Family, their Majesties' guests, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel this morning.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated and preached the sermon.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with their Highnesses Princess Victoria and Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, visited their Majesties to-day, and remained to luncheon.

Their Majesties, accompanied by their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, visited the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore this afternoon.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Airlie and the Hon. Derek Keppel, were included in their Majesties' dinner party this evening.

Home.

The King and Queen of Italy left England on Saturday, the Prince of Wales accompanying their Majesties to Portsmouth.—See page 5.

Surrey County Memorial to the late Queen Victoria will be unveiled at Kingston-on-Thames by the Duchess of Albany on December 11.

The Countess of Dudley is confined to the house through indisposition.

Lady Walpole, who has lived at Hampton Court for nearly twenty-six years, died yesterday.

Prince Solytkoff and Mr. John Penn, M.P., died on Saturday, and the Right Hon. Charles Seale-Hayne, M.P., yesterday.

The Archbishop of York and Mrs. McLagan are spending a few days at Cannes.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland left London last night for Dublin.

The Rev. W. J. F. Robberds, of Bristol, who has just accepted the Bishopric of Brechin, N.B., has received an address signed by 2,000 people asking him to remain in Bristol.

Lord Milner has postponed his departure for South Africa until next Saturday.

General Baden-Powell yesterday unveiled a memorial in St. Martin's church, Charing Cross, to the men of the 3rd County of London Imperial Yeomanry who fell in South Africa.

Mr. John Morley is about to take a holiday—the first he has had for five years. "If I don't have one now I shall do myself mischief," he writes in a letter to Mr. Atherley-Jones, K.C.

Lives have been lost and property damaged as the result of the gale which raged over the country on Saturday.—See page 5.

Addressing a miners' conference on Saturday, the Scottish Federation Secretary said that British mines were the "dumping ground" for men who lose work in other trades.

"The Birds" of Aristophanes, will be produced at Cambridge to-day. Sir Hubert Parry will conduct the musical part of the performance.

Six hundred members and guests were present at the thirteenth annual dinner of the Eccentric Club at the Hotel Cecil last night.

Political.

Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Cardiff on Saturday, referred to the Colonies as "daughter States," closer union with which we should meet in no huckstering spirit.—See page 5.

Colonial.

The New Zealand House of Representatives has voted £15,000 as a contribution to the fund for a Victoria memorial in London.

The Transvaal Labour Commission report states that there is a serious shortage of black labour, and that no immediate remedy can be suggested by the commissioners.

A census of the population throughout British South Africa is to be taken on April 17, 1904.

Foreign.

The Empress of Russia slept at intervals during Saturday night. The inflammation of the ear is slowly developing.

It is reported that during the visit of King Victor to England the basis of a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and Italy was agreed upon.

King Peter of Serbia, with a view of ascertaining what the world thinks of the crime which placed him on the throne, has obtained through a press-cutting agency 20,000 extracts from newspapers.

The Pope will to-morrow receive the English pilgrims, who will present an address eulogising the British Government for its educational legislation.

The promoter of the first Paris-Bordeaux motor-car race, Comte Gaston de Chasseloup-Laubat, has died at the age of thirty-six in the South of France.

A site for a new British cemetery at Genoa is to be offered to the British colony by the administration of that port, the old cemetery having been expropriated for new harbour works.

Albert Varesi, a blacksmith, has won the "Petite Parisien" prize of £1,000 for guessing correctly the number of grains of wheat in a special make of bottle.—See page 4.

A serious accident happened to the Berne-Lausanne express at Palzieux on Saturday night, six persons being killed, including Miss Rickett, an English governess.

Joshua Klein, who is married to a wealthy American, has founded a new religion in Switzerland, the main feature of which seems to be that its adherents believe that Christ will come to the earth again in 1906.

The Swiss authorities are searching for anarchists at Geneva, and have arrested two who are Russian subjects.

In a vain attempt to save their money, twenty-eight Italians employed on the Pennsylvania Railway were burned to death in a fire which destroyed their temporary dwellings, the corpses being found beside masses of melted gold and silver.

Fights have taken place between two rival bands of students at the University of Barcelona, Spain, and a small bomb has been exploded within the University buildings.

Several thousand workmen caused a disturbance at Brest on Saturday night, and the commissary of police, who attempted to disperse them, was maltreated.

A French motorist will in the course of the next few days attempt to beat the train record between Paris and London with his car.

Law and Police Courts.

Arthur Edward Saunders Sebright was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour at the Old Bailey on Saturday for defrauding the Marquis of Downshire. A pathetic scene ensued.—See page 5.

The hearing of Lady Violet Beauchamp's appeal that a receiving order in bankruptcy should not be made against her will be continued again to-day.

Leave to appeal has been given in the Supreme Court of the United States to the British Government with a view of preventing Lynchau obtaining his release.

William Taylor Lee Augustus James, an ex-detective, who was convicted at Old Bailey of the manslaughter of Dorcas Pizer, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude on Saturday.

It was stated at Worship-street Police Court on Saturday that because the owners of the copyrights decline to take the legal steps for the destruction of some pirated music, over 100,000 pieces have accumulated in one of the cells.

Two Croatian labourers were committed for extradition at Bow-street on Saturday charged with murdering a railway contractor at Pittsburg, U.S.A., with the aid of dynamite.

At Durham Assizes, Alfred Johnson, a shipwright, was sentenced to death for killing his son, an idle, worthless fellow; and James Duffy, a labourer, who strangled his wife, was also condemned to death.

George B. Peglar was acquitted at the Gloucester Assizes on Saturday of abducting a girl. Defendant was cheered as he left court.

Sergeant C. F. Davies, of the 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was found not guilty at a court martial at Lichfield, on Saturday, of embezzling £99 from a mess fund.

DEATHS OF NOTABLE PEOPLE.

Prince Solytkoff Succumbs to Pneumonia.

TWO M.P.'S DEAD.

Lady Walpole Dies at Hampton Court Palace.

To-day we have to record the death of that distinguished sportsman, Prince Dimitri Solytkoff, of Lady Walpole, and of two members of the British Parliament—Mr. John Penn, the Conservative member for Lewisham, and Mr. Charles Seale-Hayne, the Liberal member for Ashburton.

The English turf has lost a staunch supporter by the death of Prince Solytkoff, who passed away at his London residence in Curzon-street, Mayfair, on Saturday evening. The Prince was in his seventy-fifth year, and the cause of his death was pneumonia.

Prince Solytkoff came of a distinguished Russian family, one of whose members had married the doubtful fortune to be given in marriage to the Muscovite Nero, Ivan the Terrible.

Educated at St. Petersburg University, the late Prince Solytkoff was intended for the Diplomatic Service, but on the outbreak of the Crimean War he donned a private's uniform and speedily fought his way to a commission.

The war ended, he came to England, where his passion for the turf found opportunities denied to him in Russia. He came, he saw, and was conquered. Racing was the breath of life to him. In England he could indulge his taste for horseflesh as nowhere else. Like another distinguished foreigner, Prince Ranjitsinhji, he renounced the fleshpots of Egypt for a favourite sport.

Self-exiled, he settled at Newmarket in 1868, and ever since the pink jacket and black cap have been well to the fore in English racing. Since 1867 he had been a member of the Jockey Club, and in 1889 he was elected a steward of that august body, the only foreigner who ever enjoyed the distinction.

Immensely popular, a friend of royalty, "Soly" was a familiar figure on every racecourse. His Newmarket residence, known as "The Kremlin," a title jokingly bestowed upon it by Admiral Rous, was the scene of an almost limitless hospitality.

In 1865 he married Elizabeth Yakoleff, the only daughter and heiress of a high Russian official.

Prince Solytkoff's chief successes were the Cesarewitch of 1875, with the Duke of Parma, which, in addition to a large stake, won a handsome sum in bets for its owner; the Goodwood, Ascot, and Newmarket Cups; the Grand Prix, the Great Eastern Railway Handicap on four separate occasions, the Lincolnshire, the Cambridgeshire, and Newmarket Handicaps. In all his turf success, however, Prince Solytkoff never won either the Derby, the Oaks, the St. Leger, or the Two Thousand Guineas.

The funeral will take place on Thursday next, the service being held at the church of the Russian Embassy, 32, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, at noon. The interment will take place at Kensal Green Cemetery at 1.15 p.m.

News of Prince Solytkoff's death was telegraphed to the King. A large number of messages of condolence have been received.

DEATH OF LADY WALPOLE.

Lady Walpole, one of the grand dames and most familiar figures at Hampton Court Palace, where she had resided for nearly twenty-six years, died yesterday morning at half-past nine o'clock. She survived her husband, the distinguished Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Walpole, who fought in the Indian Mutiny, for twenty-seven years, and attained to the good age of more than eighty years. Like another Palace resident, the late Lady Georgiana Grey, who lived to within a few months of becoming a centenarian, Lady Walpole was distinguished for charity.

She was, for her age, remarkably active. The illness to which she succumbed had lasted about six weeks. Her death was announced at the morning service in the Chapel

Royal of the Palace, and Chopin's funeral march was played on the organ.

For upwards of a century the Walpole family have been connected uninterruptedly with Hampton Court by residence. The late Lady Walpole, who lived with her daughters, occupied her apartments, which were granted her by Queen Victoria, for twenty-five years.

TWO M.P.'S DEAD.

The Right Hon. Charles Seale-Hayne, Liberal member for the Ashburton division of Devonshire, who succumbed to a stroke of paralysis at 9.45 a.m. yesterday, at his residence, 6, Upper Belgrave-street.

Mr. Seale-Hayne was treasurer of the Cobden Club. His majority at the last election was 771.

Mr. John Penn, the Conservative member for Lewisham, whose death occurred at midnight on Saturday at his London residence, 22, Carlton House-terrace, at the age of fifty-five. Mr. Penn's daughter is married to the eldest son of Mr. Gibson Bowles, M.P. Mr. Penn was well known as a cricketer and golfer. His majority in Lewisham at the election of 1892 was 2,414.

PIONEER LADY PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Amelia Wilkes Lines Celebrates Her Fortieth Year of Practice.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Sunday Night.

An interesting birthday was yesterday celebrated in New York. Dr. Amelia Wilkes Lines, the oldest practising woman physician in the world, has attained her eightieth year. She has been practising in the city since 1854, and was the first woman given a diploma in the state. She was born in the Isle of Wight, on the country estate of her father, Sir William Wilkes.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S TOUR.

The "National Zeitung" stated on Saturday that the wound caused by the recent operation on the German Emperor's throat would be completely healed in a few days. The journal adds that should his Majesty make an extensive journey after Christmas it would solely be for the sake of recuperating his health. Telegrams from Berlin last night added that the tour would probably extend over January and February.

THE ROYAL SUNDAY.

The King and Queen, Princess Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir, and other members of the Royal Family attended divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle yesterday morning.

Later they listened to the band of the Coldstream Guards, which played in the Grand Quadrangle.

It is not generally known that the King himself selects the pieces to be played during the ceremony of changing the guard at the Castle. Six items are submitted to his Majesty overnight, and of these three are selected.

During the afternoon, by command of the King, the bands of the 1st Life and Coldstream Guards played in the sunken garden of the East Terrace from 2.30 to four o'clock. The public were admitted in their thousands, and the royal party sat at the window overlooking the Terrace and listened to the music for a considerable time.

THE BRITISH "CHARLOTTENBURG."

Slow but sure progress is being made with the post-graduate university, which, it is intended, shall fulfil the same function in British technical education as that undertaken by its German exemplar at Charlottenburg.

Lord Rosebery, one of the chief movers in the scheme, is, we understand, receiving widespread help and support in this undertaking. A site, valued at upwards of £200,000, has been placed at the disposal of the committee by the Exhibition Commissioners, but, as the project is likely to be national and not only local, some twelve months must elapse before the building can take shape.

Sir Francis Mowatt, Mr. Haldane, and Sir Arthur Rücker are throwing themselves with characteristic energy into the working out of the numerous and complicated details of this great project.

Sufficient money to make a start has already been promised; but before so vast and far-reaching an undertaking can be planned these gentlemen will have to consider every existing institution, and so arrange matters that the new university will not clash with nor overlap the technical instruction given at any existing seat of learning.

SWISS EXPRESS DISASTER.

Six Passengers Killed and Ten Injured.

An English Governess Among the Dead.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Sunday.

A serious accident happened last evening to the Berne-Lausanne express near Lausanne, which caused the death of six passengers and severe injuries to ten.

Among the killed are two Russian children, from St. Petersburg, and their English Governess, Miss Rickett; Mlle. Josephine Sterky, of Saint-Ursanne, Switzerland; M. Gruenewald, brother-in-law of the Federal Judge, M. Monnier; and Mlle. Louise Bertsek, of Vevey. Among the wounded were Major Chesses and Lieut. Merian Boeken, a Russian, grandfather of the children.

Mr. Carrington and a number of other English passengers were in the train going to Montreux and Terriet. They escaped injury.

The disaster was of a dreadful character. The express, drawn by two engines, dashed into another engine which had been shunting. The express engines, guard's coach, and first composite carriage, as well as two other coaches, were smashed.

THE PORTUGUESE ACCIDENT.

No deaths have resulted from the railway accident at Cacases, about thirty miles from Lisbon. The number of wounded is thirteen, including the Duchess of Palmella, who is slightly injured. One lady had her leg amputated.

PARIS TAKES TO "BRIDGE."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday Night.

A few months ago Paris society had not even heard the name of Bridge. To-day the game has become as important a factor in the lives of smart society folk on this side of the Channel as at home. Its vogue is extraordinary.

French whist, played, as it always has been, with "le Mort" or dummy, made the outlines of Bridge an easy thing to grasp. Whist and Bezique are now "vieux jeu" and forgotten, and now the winter season is beginning the day's arrangements are ordered so as to get in as much Bridge as possible.

The game was introduced to Paris by two or three ladies from England, and I believe the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Sassoon, and the Princess of Pless were the first pioneers. But French men and French women now play the game as well, or better, than the introducers; among the best French players being Baroness Henri de Rothschild and the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld.

MOCK LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday Night.

This evening's performance at the Variétés was quite a social event, owing to the re-appearance of Madame Judie, who has been long absent from the Paris stage.

The play was one of those typically Parisian productions called "Révues." It touched upon the visit of royalties to Paris, that of M. Loubet to London, and the foundation of the Empire of the Sahara, and the principal plays of the year were parodied delightfully. What aroused most enthusiasm, especially from the many English among the audience, was the extraordinarily effective production of the menu of the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Mansion House, in which the dishes were represented by the prettiest women on the Paris stage.

NEW RAILWAY DANGER.

On Friday night a signalman was murdered in his box on the New York Central Railway, and another was chloroformed; and since then two more robberies have been attempted at lonely railroad stations in Pennsylvania. In each case the motive for these outrages appears to have been robbery.

On Friday also a watchman at Girardville was seized and the station ransacked. The next night the telegraph operator at Clearfield was surprised by a masked man while another dynamited the safe. The explosion aroused the neighbourhood, and the robbers made off.

All four crimes are believed to be the work of these two men. Rewards have been offered for their capture, and engines are kept ready at the chief stations so that there may be no delay in responding to an alarm. The railway servants are asking the companies to place detectives at each station and signal-box to protect their lives.

DOWIE'S FINANCIAL CRISIS.

Dowie has told his subordinates that he may have to reduce wages temporarily. The cause of this announcement is that he is £20,000 in debt, and he describes this as the worst financial crisis of his life. Next year he contemplates another invasion of New York, with headquarters on ships anchored in the North River.

THE LUCKY BLACKSMITH.

Wins £1,000 by an Extraordinary Guess.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday.

The problem of "how many beans make five?" is as nothing compared with a competition organised by your French contemporary, the "Petit Parisien," which invited its readers to guess the number of grains of wheat contained in a bottle that had been sealed up and placed in a safe at the Credit Lyonnais.

A prize of £1,000 was offered to the mathematician who should solve this riddle; and among the lesser prizes offered to those whose guesses were nearest to the mark were included £23,000 worth of cottages, pianos, motor cars, and other articles of virtue, luxury, and joy.

The individual whose calculation was correct received his prize on Saturday, and is none the worse for the great effort involved in arriving at the contents of the "Petit Parisien's" bottle; indeed he is £1,000 the better. His name is Albert Varesi, and up to yesterday evening he was a working blacksmith employed in a Paris foundry.

Before this competition was announced the circulation of the "Petit Parisien" was but a paltry 1,200,000 daily; since the bottle competition, however, the circulation has risen to 2,300,000; but now that the bottle is no more the daily output has declined to a million and a half. *Sic transit gloria amphora.*

Speculators' Dodges.

Paris, too, is calm again. While the contest was in progress cunning speculators procured bottles of the standard pattern, filled them with wheat, and sold the result to intending competitors, or, adopting the hire system, let the wheat-filled bottles out at sixpence an hour to such as could not afford to buy outright.

And now the Government has taken a hand. Owing to the competitors coming to blows, to the variety of disputes which have arisen over this and similar competitions, organised by other papers; owing also to the immoral effects of such unholy excitements as guessing competitions in general and this one in particular, the Government has called a meeting of newspaper proprietors, and in future all such schemes will be suppressed.

Facts about the Competition.

And now for a few facts in connection with this particular competition. The day after the terms of the contest were published the gates of the "Petit Parisien" were closed, buck-baskets were placed behind the railings, and four policemen kept watch while intending competitors passed their replies into these receptacles, which had to be emptied every thirty minutes.

In the streets the "correct solution" could be bought for a penny; and in every part of France bottles and grains of wheat have sold in extraordinary quantities. Neither, however, need be wasted.

1,314,801 readers sent in replies that were examined by a special staff of 200 extra employes, watched by detectives, and working day and night classifying the efforts of the competitors.

When the bottle was opened and the grains had been counted it was found that twenty-seven competitors had guessed aright, viz., 39,488 grains. The twenty-seven were then reclassified, according to the second condition in the contest, which was that the competitors should also tell the weight of the wheat and the bottle; and in the end the happy iron-worker, who is twenty-seven years old, was pronounced the winner.

The proprietor of the "Petit Parisien" has declared that he would not go through such a tussle again for M. Lebaudy's empire. He has spent £25,000 and gained a permanent increase of circulation of 200,000.

MOTOR-CAR TO BEAT RAILWAY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday Night.

A well-known member of the Automobile Club, who does not wish his name disclosed at present, intends in a day or two to make an interesting experiment.

He will leave the Place de la Concorde in a motor-car, and make top speed for Boulogne, where he has chartered the steamship Victoria, which will convey him and his car across the Channel. So as not to delay him the Customs House officials will utilise the crossing to perform Customs formalities en route. Immediately on arrival at Folkestone the car will be put on shore by an electric crane, and the chauffeur will drive to London as fast as the police will let him, in order to see whether he cannot succeed in beating the quickest railway record between Paris and London.

FIGHT BETWEEN FINANCIAL TITANS.

The struggle between the Rockefeller interest and the Morgan interest in the American Steel Trust is the subject of much speculation at New York. The result is believed to establish the Standard Oil party as the dominating interest in the Steel Trust.

There is much discussion as to their actual holdings, and the estimate is correct that at the recent low prices of stock £9,000,000 would have purchased a majority interest in the shares of this billion dollar company.

UNLUCKY AERONAUTS.

Exciting Balloon Mishap at the Crystal Palace.

A remarkable mishap happened at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon to one of the balloons of Messrs. Spencer Brothers, of airship fame.

A race had been arranged between members of the Aero Club and of the Automobile Club—two balloons to be chased by motor-cars. The wind was so high that wisdom suggested the abandonment of the event, but it was decided to make an attempt with one balloon.

The balloon was inflated, and Messrs. Frank Butler and C. F. Pollock took their seats in the car. Mr. Percival Spencer, brother of the airship navigator, who was also to be a passenger, was on the ground seeing to the final arrangements; and Mr. Beckett, on whom the bulk of the routine work in the airship experiments fell, was untying the valve of the balloon.

Suddenly came a great gust of wind. It tore the balloon from the hands of a dozen men who were holding it down, and jerked Mr. Beckett to the ground. The balloon at once shot up in the air. Mr. Spencer, clinging to the car, was carried up about twenty feet. Here the upward flight was checked by the trail rope, which had been tied round a tree. As the rope tautened Mr. Spencer was thrown off and fell to the ground. He sustained a severe shock, but no bones were broken.

Then ensued an exciting scene. The balloon, pulled up with a jerk by the rope, swayed over and came towards the ground. Thirty men tried to secure it, but the wind was so violent that several were thrown off their feet and scattered about like ninepins. One of them, a gardener named Joel, employed at the Crystal Palace, had his collar-bone broken. Another broke a finger, and several received cuts and bruises.

At the end of five exciting minutes, the balloon was secured, and the gas let out. The aeronauts in the car, though much shaken, were not otherwise injured.

THE ALIEN PROBLEM.

Begging and wandering about in a destitute condition was the charge made at Marlborough-street Police Court on Saturday against three disreputable-looking Germans. And, incidentally, during the hearing of the case it transpired that efforts had been made to get the prisoners into a German colony in Hertfordshire, but that was full.

Mr. Denman said that such a state of things ought to receive the widest publicity. Here was an example of what was happening—three destitute foreigners wandering about, and every institution that might receive them full. They had not a farthing in their pockets, and nothing being done to prevent it, were thrown on the rates and being supported by England.

This sort of thing—admitting foreigners without means of support—seemed also a dangerous thing to them, the foreigners, and a more dangerous thing, he might have added, to Englishmen.

THE RACE WITH THE MAILS.

The race with the United States mails between the American liner St. Louis (Southampton) and the Cunarder Campana (Queenstown and Liverpool) ended on Saturday afternoon in London. The St. Louis mailbags reached London twenty-eight minutes ahead of the Campana's, but it should be remembered that the St. Louis had five hours and a half earlier start from New York. Moreover, while the Campana enabled business men throughout the North and Ireland to reply to their letters by Saturday's outgoing liner, they could not have received their New York letters until this morning had they been dependent on the St. Louis.

FISCALITIS IN LONDON.

This week London will be invaded by the Fiscal campaigners for the first time since Mr. Chamberlain began his propaganda. The Duke of Devonshire will to-morrow speak at a great demonstration in the Queen's Hall, this being his first speech since he left the Cabinet. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will be present, the ex-Chancellor hereby performing the feat of supporting Mr. Balfour at Bristol and the Duke in London. On Wednesday Lord Rosebery will address a meeting in the Surrey Theatre. On Friday Mr. Balfour will be heard at the United Club's dinner in the Hotel Cecil, but Mr. Balfour has hitherto avoided the Fiscal question in London.

CARRINGTON HOUSE.

Private and public endeavour is always active on behalf of the masses of the people of London. Rowton Houses have their counterpart in the model lodging houses which the County Council are now erecting.

One of these buildings, which combine all the conveniences of a club—with their reading, writing, and other rooms for special purposes—and a home, was opened on Saturday by Lady Carrington, wife of Earl Carrington, who is Chairman of the County Council Housing Committee.

Carrington House is the name of the new building, which is situated at Deptford.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

ROUND TRIPS TO SEASIDE RESORTS.

The Hamburg-America Line announces a new feature in pleasure travelling. Round trips will be given by them next year taking in all the most important English, Dutch, Belgian, French, and Spanish seaside resorts.

MIGHTY IMPERIAL HUNTER.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has succeeded in reaching a redoubtable record in hunting. His Majesty, who has been indulging in his favourite pastime in Styria, has killed his two thousandth chamois.

GENTLE CELESTIALS.

The Chinese furniture makers in Melbourne are sufficiently Europeanised to indulge in the luxury of a strike. Many of the employers affected are also Chinese, and the masters and the operatives play dominoes together with the utmost goodwill, bantering each other good-naturedly.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST" ROBBED.

The founder of the Christian Science sect in the United States, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, has been robbed of many valuable gifts received from her followers. Our correspondent telegraphs that a burglar entered her home near Concord, New Hampshire, and stole, among other things, a costly Bible, a silver loving cup, and a gold and silver candlestick.

"AT BEST AN ANACHRONISM."

"Don't grieve, *mes amis*, I am at best but an anachronism." Thus spoke the venerable Princess Mathilde, niece of the great Napoleon, to the friends round her bedside yesterday. The Princess, who is eighty-three, is growing gradually weaker, and has for several days been unable to take nourishment of any kind. Her condition is causing the gravest anxiety, but mentally she is as bright as ever.

A DEATHBED WEDDING.

An interesting wedding was solemnised a few days ago in a sanatorium at Vienna between Count Chamari, on his deathbed, and a singer. Before the ceremony, which the Count did not long survive, he made a will (our correspondent states) leaving his newly-made wife sole heiress of his property, valued at four million kronen. His family were at first disposed to contest the will, but now it is said an arrangement with the widow will probably be made.

TURKS LOSE SEVERELY IN A FIGHT.

The protracted fight between the insurgent band and the Turkish troops in Macedonia at Baraklijama ended on Saturday, when the Turks succeeded in bringing up a fresh battalion and two guns from Seres. The insurgent band then fired a parting volley and withdrew in good order. According to information from a trustworthy source, Reuter says, the Turkish losses were severe, thirty men and an officer having been killed, and forty-seven wounded. The Bulgarian loss is unknown.

PORTUGUESE BALLOONISTS MISSING.

An aeronaut named Senhor Belchior and two companions made a pleasure ascent at noon on Saturday in an ordinary balloon from the grounds of the Palacio de Crystal, at Oporto. The balloon was observed over the sea off Aveiro about an hour later, going in a southerly direction, but up to last evening nothing more had been heard of it. It is feared that an accident may have occurred during the night. Senhor Belchior is a chemist residing in the village of Gaya, in the neighbourhood of Oporto. His two companions are young men of good family, whom he had invited to accompany him.

GORGEOUS RAILWAY STATION.

The largest and most ornate railway station in the world is to be erected for the Union Railway at Washington. It will cost £2,800,000. Inside the building will be a huge plaza with fountains, balustrades, and terraces, in the Romanesque style of architecture, harmonising with the Capitol. There will be three exits, one constructed especially for the President and guests of the White House, for whom a suite of apartments is provided. Among the novel features is an invalid's room, where a physician will be in constant attendance. There are to be several mortuary chambers, a Turkish bath, and a large swimming pool.

BUSY WEEK-END ON 'CHANGE.

Saturday is usually an off day on the Stock Exchange, but to-day was rather an exception. There was much business and more working of the markets by South African mining magnates, who sent buying orders to the provinces and so created the impression of a general demand for Kaifirs. The other mining sections too, looked happier, and the young members of the Kaifir market in particular were very sanguine about prospects, eagerly offering short cuts to fortune to their main.

The improvement on the Stock Exchange was practically an all-round one. Thus Consols led the way, though there is still uncertainty as to the money outlook, and it is said that several of the corporations of one or two of the colonies are asking questions as to the possibility of floating new loans in the near future. Such flotations would soon hamper business. Several interesting items have to be noted among the miscellaneous despatches of the day. For instance, Russian petroleum shares continued on the high price ruling for oil and talk of an alliance or working agreement between Russia and the great American oil "ring." Then, too, there is more doing in the group of nitrate shares, owing to the high price of nitrate of soda being sold. It was thought that with the abolition of the sugar bounties, the consumption of nitrate would have fallen off enormously. The use of nitrate as a fertiliser for the sugar beet, however, tends to increase rather than otherwise. It has to be noted that the Capital and Counties Bank has taken over the well-known Cambridge bankers, Messrs. Foster and Co.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CAMPAIGN.

The Part His Wife Takes in the Great Meetings.

Saturday's Remarkable Speeches.

The most picturesque figure on Mr. Chamberlain's platform in the fiscal campaign is Mrs. Chamberlain. She has won her way to the hearts of the people of the North, of the East, of the West of England, and of Wales just as Mrs. Gladstone did with the audiences which assembled wherever Mr. Gladstone went during the historical Midlothian campaign. On all his platforms Mrs. Chamberlain has preceded the hero of the hour, and her appearance has been the signal for that outburst of applause which swells into a mighty roar of enthusiasm as the orator and statesman appears. At the feasts given in his honour she also has been a guest.

At Newport on Saturday women were excluded from the hall to make room for those whose wages depend on fiscal policy. Even the Pressmen's tickets were marked "men only." But the Welshmen, recognising "Joe's missis," as they called her, when she stepped on to the platform, gave cheer upon cheer in the most gallant way; and when they had done the same for Mr. Chamberlain, they returned to give one more for "the missis."

No one follows the speeches with more intent and appreciative interest than Mrs. Chamberlain. Every point scored she notes, and one can see in her face, and the pleased smile as she turns toward her husband, how fully she understands the significance of the dry statistics as well as the pungent gift and the clever rally.

On the audience she keeps a close watch and catches the few interruptions that occur even more accurately than Mr. Chamberlain can do, immersed as he is in his own notes. On Saturday a man in the highest gallery cried out the word "Furnacemen" as Mr. Chamberlain was telling how many trades would benefit by his proposal. He took it as the voice of a critic, and was "retaliating" when Mrs. Chamberlain tugged at his coat, and told him that the man was friendly and was really trying to help forward the argument.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECHES.

Mr. Chamberlain made two remarkable speeches on Saturday. The first, delivered at a private luncheon at Cardiff just before his departure for Newport, was unexpected, and was informed with the loftiest spirit of patriotism. It was in the vein of the Chatham, the Pitts, and the Cannings, rather than in that of the modern statesman.

Important as money considerations are, said Mr. Chamberlain in effect, I care much less for them than for the imaginative side of the question. "My proposals, I believe, will put money into the pockets of all. But you are something more than mere seekers of lucre; you are Britons, patriots; you are not living for yourselves alone, nor merely for this generation. Your fathers gave not only their wealth but their lives to make this Empire great. Will you think only of your material benefit?"

"Great Britain and her Colonies used to be the phrase. They are not our Colonies—they are our daughter states—they are no longer to be called colonies. 'Each for all and all for each.'"

How far Mr. Chamberlain stirred his audience by this inspiring speech may be judged from the fact that £1,000 was subscribed at the luncheon for the Tariff Reform League.

Arguments for Working Men.

To the working men of Newport Mr. Chamberlain adopted a more mundane, though hardly a lower tone. His chief points were—

His opponents said no reform was necessary—they would be happy ever afterwards if they could once get rid of a certain pestilent ex-Colonial Secretary.

That reminded him of the housemaid who, when her mistress complained of cobwebs on the ceiling, said "It's not my fault; it's the nasty sun which is always showing up the dark corners."

But was all so well? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself said a third of our population was underfed, and would feel the difference of an eighth of a penny on the loaf.

Misery was not due to want of thrift and drunkenness alone; every year men were losing employment through trade flayed by hostile tariffs and dumping.

With freedom to retaliate we could make satisfactory bargains with other countries.

The abolition of the sugar bounties was a case in point. It had given the West Indies a chance of returning to prosperity, and sugar, instead of being dearer, was actually cheaper than before.

England was now the dumping ground and the heap of Europe and America, and English workmen were suffering in consequence.

It was estimated that during the present year a quarter of a million tons of steel would be dumped into South Wales from Germany and America, and that meant a loss in workmen's wages of half a million.

Our future was in closer union with the Colonies, which should be met in no peddling or huckstering spirit. We should not quarrel with them about farthings.

OUR VISITORS DEPART.

The Leavetaking of the King and Queen of Italy at Windsor.

On Saturday morning King Victor and Queen Elena drove down the slopes that lead to Windsor Castle for the last time during their present stay. The visit of their Majesties was over; they were on the way to the royal station.

A procession of eight carriages escorted by glittering troops of Life Guards, winding down the hillside on a bright November morning—such is the last impression that Windsor will retain of this historic function.

The two Sovereigns had been on betimes on Saturday morning. At 9.15 they left the royal castle; at 9.30 their train steamed out of Windsor Station. They had taken leave of the Princess of Wales, of Princess Charles of Denmark, of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and of the two Connaught princesses before starting. On the station platform they bade an affectionate farewell to King Edward and Queen Alexandra and the Duke of Connaught.

The Prince of Wales travelled as far as Portsmouth with their Italian Majesties, seeing them safely on board the royal yacht. The King and Queen landed at Cherbourg at 7.15, and at 8.20 were on the road to Italy, steaming past level-crossings bordered by enthusiastic crowds and soldiers bearing torches. In Cherbourg Roads the vessels of the French and British fleets had made the earth and sea reverberate with the thunder of their guns; at night their lines stood out against the darkness illuminated by a thousand thousand jets of electricity.

His Majesty King Victor, before leaving Windsor, presented valuable diamond pins to several of the railway officials; and various members of his suite, who had found friends in the town, created some consternation among Eton boys and other boys by leaning over the counters of two Italian confectioners' shops and kissing their compatriots farewell on either cheek.

King Victor and Queen Elena expressed themselves as both touched and delighted at their reception in England.

AN AUTUMN GALE.

News of Fatalities and Damage by Land and Sea.

Saturday's gale serves as a reminder that this is the bi-centenary week of the Great Storm. On November 26, 1703, it broke out and raged with record violence for twenty-four hours. Warships and merchant vessels were wrecked, trees and buildings were levelled wholesale, and the destruction of live stock was prodigious. The Eddystone Light-house was blown into the sea with its con- structor, Winstanley. The Bishop of Bath and Wells was killed while in bed. The damage in London was widespread, and was estimated at £2,000,000.

Last night's reports from many parts of the country, but especially from the Midlands and still farther north, give details of the severity of Saturday's gale, which in some instances is said to have been almost a hurricane.

A peculiar and fatal accident happened at Ardrossan, where about a hundred labourers were engaged in closing the storm gates at the harbour. A tremendous sea struck the gates, and, forcing them back, caused the handle of the closing machinery to revolve rapidly. One man was struck by the revolving handle and hurled to a considerable distance and killed.

At Nuneaton two children were caught up by a strong gust and were dropped into the canal, whence they were rescued by a collier.

The worst disasters were on land, but shipping has not been left untouched. A schooner bound for London with firebricks went aground on the Maplin Sands on Saturday night, but was floated yesterday.

Lowestoft has again suffered severely. Time after time have the artificial works been wrecked by the angry seas that throw the spray right up the cliff and give a shock that can be felt more than a hundred yards inland. The upper esplanade roadway has been washed away.

In the midst of the heavy gale the schooner Jack Snipe put into Lough Swilly short of supplies. She dragged her anchor, and was in great danger, but a party of Bunranna coastguards boarded and navigated her to a safe anchorage. On their way back in a boat they were swamped and were battling with the waves for three hours. One of the men rose from a sick bed to help his comrades.

To-Day's Arrangements.

Movements of the Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrive at Culford Hall on a visit to Lord and Lady Cadogan.

General.

The Lord Chief Justice presides at a meeting in aid of the Bishop of London's Fund, at Kensington Town-hall, 5.30.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Daly's, "A Court Girl," 8.
Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.
Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.
Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.

DAUGHTER'S FAREWELL.

Touching Scene After Sentence in the Downshire Case.

The grim and grimy walls of the Old Bailey, theatre of so many mournful dramas, were on Saturday the setting for a pathetic scene.

It occurred at the close of the case in which Lord Downshire appeared as a prosecutor, and told how he was tricked by a gentlemanly man, named Edward Saunders Sebright, into accepting two bills of exchange for £5,750 each.

During the morning there had been in the court two fashionably dressed ladies, strangely out of place in such dismal surroundings. They were the wife and daughter of the man undergoing trial. Pale and anxious, they had listened with strained attention as the case proceeded to its close. When the jury consulted, Mrs. Sebright quivered with excitement, and her daughter had to take her by the hand to calm her.

Then came the verdict, "Guilty." With a sob and a gasp the wife fell back in her seat. The daughter of the convicted man tenderly kissed her stricken mother. She had so far borne the trial more calmly.

But when the judge pronounced the sentence—eighteen months' hard labour—both women broke down. The girl—slim and blonde-haired—made her way through the crowded court to the dock, and her eyes bedimmed with tears, stretched her hand towards her father. But the watchful warders begrudged her this small consolation. They prevented the condemned man from feeling the touch of his daughter's hand, and next moment hurried him down to the cells.

Then the mother came up to the tearful girl's side. "Don't give way, dear," she said; "remember you are a lady." And both left the court.

The case against Sebright was that he had fraudulently induced Lord Downshire to accept the bills by representing that the Marquis, by so doing, would purchase shares in a company called the Credit Foncier of England and make a profit of £1,000 on a re-sale. His lordship claimed that he did not know the nature of the document he was signing.

Just as the Recorder was about to pass sentence, Sebright came to the front of the dock, and, in a low, firm voice, said: "May I say this? There are three witnesses in court prepared to swear that the Marquis of Downshire has declared that he knew perfectly well what a bill of exchange was when he signed it, and that he did not mind what he swore so long as he won his case."

The Recorder, in passing sentence, said the prisoner had been found guilty of a gross fraud.

REMARKABLE SCENE IN COURT.

The close of the trial of George B. Peglar, at Gloucester Assizes, on a charge of abducting a girl named Durham, aged fifteen, was reached on Saturday amid considerable excitement and novelty. Peglar, who is a married man, was acquitted.

The verdict of the jury, that Peglar was not guilty of abduction, was received by the overcrowded court with the wildest enthusiasm. Cheer followed cheer for a long time, the voice of the officers calling for silence being completely drowned in the uproar.

Calling sharply upon Peglar to stand up, Mr. Justice Bigham said, "The jury have found you not guilty, and I am not going to say that they are not right; but I am quite sure of this—that you behaved like a blackguard."

By a large crowd outside the court Peglar was evidently regarded as a hero, deserving of sympathy and congratulation. They surrounded him, cheering and showing their delight at his acquittal in no uncertain manner, and followed him with similar demonstration all the way up the street to his residence.

DECLINE OF RIVER BOATING.

Mr. G. T. Tagg, the well-known boat proprietor of Tagg's Island, Molesey, has had a receiving order filed against him at the Kingston Bankruptcy Court. For this popular caterer of public is felt. His indebtedness has been caused by the unfavourable weather of the past two summers, which has practically killed the small boat trade and hit very hard even the biggest boat-owners. Instead of the average turnover of £12,000, Mr. Tagg this year had only taken £5,000. He hopes in time, however, to pay his creditors 20s. in the £.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

GUESTS WITH WEDDING GARMENTS.

The Bishop of London recently gave a dinner party at London House to the couples he has united in matrimony since he was preferred to the See. Every lady, says the "City Press," was garbed in white, and with one or two exceptions the costume was that worn on the wedding day.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS SHADOWED.

The Duke of Orleans has arrived in England; but, according to a story in the "Figaro," his Royal Highness came sooner than he had intended. His first desire was Brussels, but his visit to that city was in-cognito, whereupon the police there, in compliance with a request from the French authorities, began to interfere into his movements. The Duke therefore left for London.

LORD ROSEBERY AND MACAULAY.

An opportunity will be afforded to Lord Rosebery this week to add another literary review to the series of charming biographical studies which he has supplied since his retirement from Liberal leadership. His lordship has consented to unveil on Thursday the memorial tablet affixed by the London County Council to Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, to commemorate the residence there of Lord Macaulay.

CLAIM FOR OVER 13 MILLIONS.

The Court of Arbitration which is considering the compensation to be paid to the eight London water companies for the sale of their undertakings decided that the New River Company is not entitled to pay unlimited dividends, and the decision has so serious an effect on their claim, which amounts to 13½ millions sterling, that they are considering the desirability of appealing to the House of Lords.

REMARKABLE WILL RECALLED.

Estate valued at £194,000 gross was left by the late Mr. Herbert Thellusson, of Brodsworth Hall, near Doncaster. He was a descendant of the famous Peter Thellusson, who left £600,000 to accumulate during the lives of his three sons and of their sons. If no heir then existed the whole was to be applied to the discharge of the National Debt. This led to the passing of a special Act restraining testators from devising property for purposes of accumulation for longer than twenty-one years after death.

THE ROYAL LOVE MATCH.

Rumours are afloat at Windsor that the wedding of Prince Alexander of Teck and Princess Alice of Albany will take place early next year, and that St. George's Chapel is shortly to be placed in order for the great event.

The members of the choir have been warned to hold themselves ready, for everything points to a wedding at no distant date. It is said that the same ceremony will be observed as obtained at the Duchess of Albany's own marriage, and that most of the members of the Royal Family will be present.

LUXURIOUS OCEAN TRAVEL.

The act of launching the White Star liner Baltic at Belfast on Saturday was performed by Miss Julia Neilson, who has been appearing there in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." The vessel is the largest in existence, and has been built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff. Numerous suites consisting of sitting-room, bedroom, and bath-room combined, form an unique feature of the vessel, and for the first time single-berth state rooms are provided on an Atlantic liner. She is the twenty-ninth ship of the White Star line.

TRAGEDY OF THE DOVER MAIL.

The Pas de Calais had not left the Admiralty Pier at Dover on Saturday night more than twenty minutes on her way to Calais when a young woman climbed the forward bulwarks and dropped overboard. The vessel was stopped and the searchlight was directed on the surrounding water, but no trace of the woman could be seen. It was learned that soon after the vessel started she asked for ink and paper, but did not receive them. She left behind her a gladstone bag containing only but a few articles—her ticket was from London to Paris. The man who saw her go overboard thinks she was suffering from sea-sickness.

SATURDAY'S RACING.

A one-day meeting at Hurst Park on Saturday wound up a busy week, and concluded the metropolitan fixtures for the flat-racing season. Results:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
T.Y.O. Sell (16)	Vesta	Hare	100 to 8
Vyner (15)	Fleeting Love	Plant	100 to 8
Champion N.Y. (15)	Cherry Pip	Dillon	2 to 1
Hurst Pk. A.V. (10)	Scott's Cherry	Hunter	5 to 2
An All-Ed Sell (15)	Falcon	Madden	5 to 6
November (9)	Australian Clrs.	Madden	7 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of runners.)
Otto Madden, it will be seen, rode two winners. W. Lane had five mounts, but failed to score once, and Madden is thus six points in front of the Falmouth House rider at the top of the winning jockeys' list. The scores now standing: Madden 150, Lane 114.

The following appear to have chances at Warwick today, when the events are confined to hurdles and fences:—Wellesbourne Maiden—Ebbfleet; Hutton Hurdle—Ormeau; Warwick Steeplechase—Dermot Ashurst; Upton Steeplechase—De Rougemont; Castle Hurdle—Sprig of Shillelagh; Leamington Steeplechase—Sequel II.

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.

The M.C.C. team of cricketers touring Australia practically assured themselves of victory over New South Wales at Sydney on Saturday, following a Colonial first innings of 168 the Englishmen hit 319, Tyldesley (50) and Hurst (66) being the chief contributors. New South Wales again made a poor show in their second innings, and with six wickets down for 114 they still require 97 runs to ward off the single innings' defeat.

* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.



SHOULD DAUGHTERS BE TAUGHT BUSINESS.

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

By CONSTANCE WILLIAMS.

THESE still seems to be in the minds of some women—particularly those who live in a middle-class environment in the country—that Fate will somehow supply a man to "look after things" and tell them what to do as they shuffle through life.

During their schooldays things are ordered and arranged for them by their elders; they receive sixpence or a shilling a week pocket money, which comes from that mysterious source, their father's pocket, and the amount is promptly spent on sweets, sham jewellery, or flowers for a pet schoolmistress.

The schoolgirl has a vague idea that "Father is in business" or "lives on his land." When she "comes out" the paternal pocket produces a dress allowance, which is there just as the fruit is on the trees at certain seasons.

Vague Accounts.

Our young lady has no idea of the value of money, though she keeps vague monetary memoranda, which she calls accounts, in a tiny ivory-covered note-book with an enormous monogram upon it.

The largest item at the end of the month is "sundries." In the accounts of one girl I know who possesses a diminutive pug, "dog biscuits" covers a multitude of small disbursements. There is generally an uncomfortable quarter of an hour with papa at the end of the quarter, including reproaches and even tears. If he is careless and generous he says, "Here's ten pounds to put things straight—pay the rest of Jones's bill, dry your eyes, and buy yourself a new hat."

Pathetic Ignorance.

In course of time papa dies, leaving his daughter, it may be, a comfortable competency or a few thousands to be carefully invested. Lawyers, trustees, and relations discuss ways and means. The bereaved daughter listens blankly. The expressions "four per cent," "preference shares," and "Consols" convey nothing to her mind. "Now," says her man of business, "You sign just there where I have pencilled your name," thrusting various formidable documents before her. Were she to suggest reading the documents or ask, "Why do I sign?" family amazement and possibly disapproval would be the result. A cheque-book is then thrust into her hands, her brother admonishing her with a word of advice, "You sign there, and don't forget the date in the top corner."

Surely it would be more kind and would save a great deal of trouble and some tears if girls were taught the rudiments of business from their childhood. When they leave school they should be given an allowance—large or small—and be compelled to keep exact accounts; also the value of money and the nature of investments should be explained to them.

The Puzzling Cheque.

Perhaps the girl marries. Her husband may give her "so much a week" for house-keeping; he is generous, there are ample means, but she is still in a state of ignorance, and he would be wise to open an account for her private use—no matter how small—and so let her learn by practical experience to do things for herself.

I know a clever, bright woman, well-read, and who has a son in the Army and another at Eton, who imagined till quite lately that she could walk into any bank and cash any cheque as though it were a note! Until her husband died she had never had occasion to transact the smallest item of business for herself.

Now Regard an Opposite Picture.

A busy lawyer of my acquaintance began setting aside a sum in the Post Office every year in the names of his two daughters. When they reached the age of twenty-one there was a "nest egg" of three hundred pounds for each girl. Investments were explained to them, and they were advised as to the best use to be made of their money. Thereupon the investments were made by the girls themselves, who naturally thus learned the use of cheques—crossed, open, and "bearer"—pass books, credit slips, and so forth. The mysterious words "dividends" and "calls" have even some meaning for these girls.

I would not for a moment suggest that a woman ought recklessly to invest her money—whether in large or small amounts—without careful consideration. It is wise to take advice from some trusted man friend, for in the nature of things a man must be better able

to judge in such matters than the average woman. But let the woman understand what she is doing, and let her not be ashamed to ask for detailed explanations, or even for the meaning of a "crossed cheque," if she feel her ignorance and require enlightenment.

FROM THE PAPERS.

LISTENERS AND NARRATORS.

Our earliest instinct is to ask for a story; our latest to tell one unasked. Human life is bound at either end by a phrase: "Once upon a time" at one end, "That reminds me" at the other.—"Saturday Review."

A BOOKWORM'S COMPLAINT.

Why will so many publishers issue books bound in such a manner that when opened they crack and creak and break? Why, too, are plates so frequently inserted in such a careless way that to turn over the page ensures the plates coming away? On the whole the art of "bookmaking" is practised with more care and efficiency in the United States than over here. Apart from consideration of the readers' comfort, good books deserve a good dress.—"Academy."

FATHER OR PAPA?

This is proverbially an irreverent age, but there are worse things than cheerful irreverence, and establishments the presiding geniuses of which answer to the names of "dad" and "mum" have nothing whatever amiss with them. Parents addressed in this fashion can never be anything but adored. "Father" and "mother" somehow fail to



EXHIBITIONS THAT OPEN TO-DAY.

ARTS, CRAFTS, AND PICTORIAL LITERATURE.

THE art of fan-painting is almost obsolete. Modern hand-painted fans are not, it is true, rare objects in the shops, but the painting of these fans is in most cases the handiwork of skilled craftsmen, and not of well-known artists. In the eighteenth century, and especially in France, men like Watteau, Pater, and Lancret did not consider fan-painting a pursuit unworthy of them, and it would really be difficult to adduce any reason why it should be so considered.

A Modern Painter of Fans.

Fortunately we have now among us an artist whose work in this direction vies in exquisite daintiness, delicate colouring, and beautiful design with that of the French masters, whilst the purely ornamental part of his fans—the placing of the little figure-panels in the graceful curves, garlands, and patterns by which they are surrounded—surpasses in beauty, we venture to say, the frequently purely pictorial arrangement of eighteenth century fans.

It is, of course, to Mr. Charles Conder that reference is here made. His exhibition of fan designs and other paintings will open to-day at the Dutch Gallery in Brook-street. In all these pictures the artist's fine decorative feeling is strongly in evidence. In his treatment of the human figure Mr. Conder is clearly influenced by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. His harmonies of colour move between the tender, light tints required for the airy ornamentation of a rococo fan and the gorgeous rich hues of a Paolo Veronese, which he loves to use for his classic landscapes with bathing nymphs and for his visions of Venice—not the Venice known to the tourist, but a more sumptuous city seen in a dream.

Two Painters of Venice.

The difference between Mr. Conder's Venice and Mr. Hatt's, who is showing his versions of the theme beloved by all painters at the Modern Gallery, is just the difference between poetry and prose. No condemnation of Mr. G. C. Hatt's work is intended by this remark, for prose can be of surpassing excellence, and in this case finds more admirers than poetry, the enjoyment of which is the privilege of the elect. Mr. Conder receives the impression of a place, extracts its essence, and embodies it in a picture; whilst Mr. Hatt paints the place itself, eliminating, it is true, anything that is unnecessary or disturbing, adding touches of colour where they are needed, but giving on the whole a faithful portrait of the place beautified by the artist's coloured spectacles.

The Birmingham School.

Besides these two exhibitions there is yet another show of particular interest to women, that will be opened to the public to-day. It is an exhibition of arts and crafts at the

convey anything like the same impression of devotion; in "papa" and "mamma" one inevitably suspects the widening breach, while I am absolutely convinced that the parent of bygone days who was addressed as "sir" can never have inspired his family with any feeling but terrifying awe.—"Ladies' Field."

THE SPIRIT OF THE DANDY.

Women—even those who live for dress—don't understand the spirit of the dandy at all. Dandyism implies perfection in small details, in ties, collars, handkerchiefs, gloves, boots. A dandy is tortured with anxiety about the cut of his coat, the curve of his hat-brim, the way his tie is tied. He is more fastidious than vain. Whereas women are seldom fastidious in dress, and a costume from Worth may conceal a pair of shoes which a dandy would faint at being called on to wear.—"Lady."

THE ALL-ABSORBING GAME.

The amount of time—not to speak of money—spent on "Bridge" simply makes a non-player stand aghast; for, incredible as it may seem, there is a large proportion of men and women (and I speak specially of the latter) who still spend the greater part of their days, and almost all their nights, in this absorbing occupation. They start immediately after luncheon, and remain *planté là* until midnight or the small hours of the morning, merely breaking off for the intervals of tea and dinner.—"Lady's Pictorial."

NO HURRY IN LONDON.

There is a nervous energy in the air of New York which is catching. While the average slow-witted Britisher is trying to make up his mind to do a thing, the alert, agile, receptive American has done it and is halfway towards the completion of something else. Although, however, New York is a delightful place to stay in, I was informed by one of its prominent physicians that it uses up men so quickly that he is sending over many of his patients to London for a "rest cure." "I've been there myself," he said, "and I know, from practical experience, that in London it is impossible to hurry."—"Queen."

THE TRAINING OF THE SINGING VOICE.

THE METHODS AND MISTAKES IN VOCAL CULTIVATION.

THE first requisite to entering the career of a singer or to having the voice cultivated is the possession of a real vocal organ. So numerous are the unscrupulous teachers in every large city, always on the alert to secure pupils, that they encourage all comers, whereas fully ninety per cent. of those who take up the study of singing are devoid of a pure musical voice.

The Lack of Skilled Teachers.

The result of this, coupled with the desire on the part of women to shine as singers (a very laudable one), is that, stimulated by the flattery of unknown friends and still more indulgent parents, thousands of pounds are spent annually with scarcely any tangible result. The vast army of teachers with their various "methods," many of which are mere shams, encourage the novice to study, and all sorts of brilliant futures are predicted. Indeed, it is more rare to find a skilful teacher than to discover the possessor of a pure and beautiful voice.

Our Conservatoriums are filled with students, many of whom have really fresh voices; but before a few months have elapsed the voices are worn, owing to injudicious training and, in a large measure, to the desire of the teacher to gratify the pupils by giving them the great songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and excerpts from the operas to study, in order that they may make a display, and serve the triple purpose of pleasing their friends, gratifying their own vanity, and acting as an advertisement for the teacher.

Had we more masters who teach in the pure Italian style, which consists of carefully nursing the voice and developing the vocal organ by natural principles, we might encounter fewer vocal wrecks. For it is a sorry fact that, unlike other professions, where degrees are required, any man or woman, with a little business tact, may style himself or herself "Professor of Music," and by clever advertising secure pupils. Promises are then made of future engagements, which are never fulfilled, and at the expiration of months and sometimes years the pupil emerges from the experience sadder, but probably wiser.

Methods of the Great Professors.

When such great and world-famed teachers as Marchesi, Viardo, Vaccia, and a few others are consulted, the examination of pupils is thorough and conscientious, and the method advised is a suitable one. The student is impressed with the fact that hard work, self-sacrifice, experience, and absolute patience are required. Months are devoted to the mere placing of the voice, after which a course of vocal development ensues.

During the second year a careful selection may be made from the repertoire of the old Italian masters, by some of the German, such as Gluck or Mozart. Music of a florid or dramatic nature, or an extensive compass, is carefully avoided. Absolute pitch is trained, and an even register obtained by an enormous amount of attentive care and intelligence on the part of both teacher and student. During the third year a departure is made into the "lyric style," and from that time the results of the first two years of training begin to be realised.

The Outlook of the Vocalist.

Not only is it necessary to combine the good pupil with the conscientious teacher; a still greater difficulty confronts the aspiring artist, unless she is possessed of a really phenomenal voice or a large amount of money; namely, the opportunity to gain a proper hearing. This difficulty of being introduced to the public in a fitting manner is so costly and involves so much risk that it is not often one finds singers who are successful in making more than a fair living.

Vocalists with ability and attainments are to be found in all the capitals of the world quite unable to support themselves unless their interests are furthered by those who have influence and means at their command. Moreover, except under the eye of a careful parent or guardian, it is almost a crime to permit young girls to live in continental cities in order to study singing, and then to fight the battle for fame by themselves. For years some of our greatest singers, including Melba and Calvé, struggled for recognition.

Essential Qualities.

Self-sacrifice is no small item in the career of the vocalist. Careful diet, physical development, and breadth of intellect are all important factors towards success. Patti is known to be the most abstemious of women as regards her food, denies herself all dietary luxuries, and takes every possible care of her health for her art's sake. On the days on which she appears before the public as a singer she never permits herself to speak a word, in order to save her voice.

Smembrich has not touched sweets or any kind of wine for years and devotes her entire life to her vocation.

Before entering upon the career of a professional vocalist, let the student consult those whose capacity to give advice is beyond dispute, and then weigh well all the vicissitudes which are liable to beset the pursuit of fame. For the amateur, or one wishing to sing only sufficiently well to gratify a home circle, the amount expended may be no greater than is the cost of other studies. But the sincere and ambitious aspirant must be guided by vastly different motives, and prepared for one of the most difficult and taxing of vocations.

Woodbury Gallery in New Bond-street. The objects included are of such varied character as small, enamelled trinkets and upright pianos, book-bindings and table silver, pottery and furniture. Miss Edith M. Grimley's jewellery clearly denotes the Birmingham school, which has in the last few years developed a very distinct style. The gold or silver setting of the opals, pearls, or turquoises is of wirelike thinness, and twisted into very original and beautiful curves.

There is no lack of originality in the two Broadwood pianos designed by Mr. H. Baillie Scott, but it will take some time before we can become accustomed to the incising of the keyboard behind folding-doors. Miss Ellen Rope is showing quite a number of her dainty fancies in plaster relief, and Mr. A. J. Hodel and Messrs. Ramsden and Carr well represent the craft of the silversmith and enameller. The exhibition will remain open until the end of the year, and should be a great help to searchers for Christmas presents.

The Child in Italian Art.

It is refreshing to turn from the mass of more or less technical art monographs and dry dissertations to a book on an art subject treated from a more emotional, human standpoint. Such a book is Mrs. Alice Meynell's "Children of the Old Masters" (published by Duckworth), which deals with the Italian Schools, and is more the work of a poet than of a critic. What matter if the author speaks of Cimabue's type of childhood, when modern experts are practically agreed on the point that all the pictures ascribed to Cimabue are from other hands? We know the type of the strange, little Man-Child, weightless in the Mother's arms, whether the master be called Cimabue, Duccio, or Unknown Sienese.

In the early times of Italian art the only child known to the painters was the Infant Saviour. The first instance adduced by Mrs. Meynell is a Child-Christ in the catacomb of Priscilla, "a mere scratch in a dark place." From this the authoress takes us through the centuries to Raphael and to the decline, describing each artist's type in happy, picturesque phrases. Thus, Fra Angelico's child is an "affectionate doll, full of something lighter than sawdust, sitting on nothing." Filippo's "Angels and Baptist" are like one another in the sweetness of their touching beauty on the fine edge of gaiety and sadness.

The Girl in Art.

It is curious that the representation of a girl child is an exceedingly rare occurrence in Italian art. The Venetians, again, Titian and Tintoretto, have left us the most exquisite examples of this theme in their pictures of the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple. Purely childlike and incomparably sweet is Titian's modest little girl ascending the steps of the temple in majestic surroundings. Every line of Mrs. Meynell's book, which is copiously and well illustrated, breathes love of children,

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

LOVELY WEATHER AND PLENTY OF PEOPLE IN THE PARK.

45 and 46, New Bond-street.
Sunday Evening.

The much-maligned week-ends of this summer and autumn have lately disproved their character; for the last few weeks at any rate, Sunday has been quite the finest day of the seven.

This morning there were plenty of people in the park, and even the quiet side was somewhat crowded. Lady Darcy de Knayth, wearing black, was walking; Lady Murrily was accompanied by her married daughter, Mrs. Marshall Roberts, who had on a becoming black picture hat, with a lovely row of pearls round her neck. Sir Robert and Lady Affleck, the latter in black, were together; Lady Mabel Crichton, wearing a great knot of scarlet geraniums with a black dress, was with one of her brothers; Mrs. Ernest Cunard, in grey, walked through with her husband, and Sir Albert Seymour escorted his mother, Lady Seymour.

Mrs. Ramsay looked very nice in grey, with a shaded brown feather in her grey hat; Captain and Mrs. Arthur Somerset came in rather late, and the bath-chair brigade included Captain Lowther, who had Miss Toupie Lowther, dressed in dark blue, walking by his side, and Mrs. Clayton Glyn, dressed in grey.

Lunching and Dining.

Sunday luncheon parties are always a great feature of London life, and at this time of year many of the most amusing dinners take place on a Sunday as well. Lord Lurgan was included in a small party at the Berkeley to-day, and at dinner-time the Carlton was full, both last night and this evening. Lord and Lady Essex were included in a party; Lord Cairns was entertaining, and Mrs. Algernon Bourke was one very pretty woman to be seen, while Lord Westbury, Lord Abinger, Lord Clonmell, and Sir Ernest Cassel were among the men. Mrs. Frank Mackay was a hostess of to-night, and so was Baroness De Worms.

Skating Teas.

This afternoon it was not until quite tea-time that the skating rinks were at all full, but at Prince's there was a very big crowd, and even the royal box was occupied by a party. On the ice there were a number of well-known people to be seen, including Lady Wallcourt, Mrs. Grenander, with her two pretty sisters the Miss Wilsons, Miss Haig, Miss Irby, and Miss Duddell; while among the men were Lord Alwyne Compton, Mr. Algernon Grosvenor, Lord Chichester, and General Campbell.

A Picture Show.

There was a big crowd of people at Miss Beatrice Bright's studio in Yeoman's-row on Saturday afternoon. She had several new portraits on view, including one of Sir Godfrey Clerk, and Major Mathews, as well as a clever head of the Rev. Albert Chadwick.

Lady Lockwood was present, and Lady Perkins was wearing brown velvet. Mrs. Edward Sassoon looked in rather late, and among others there were Sir John and Lady Pender, Sir Frederick and Lady Dixon-Hartland, Mrs. Levita, and Mr. Arthur Lambton.

Where People Are.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester have arrived in town, and are staying at the Carlton Hotel.

Mr. Rupert and Lady Gwendolen Guinness are in town, and very busy getting into the house in Devonshire-place they have taken from the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

Some Plans.

Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki and Miss Molly Thorne have returned from a round of visits. The Princess is much better in health, although not able yet to go out of an evening. She and her husband are shortly leaving London to pay some Welsh visits, and will go to some milder climate for the winter.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby have started for Cannes.

The Grand Duke and Duchess Valdimir of Russia leave London at the end of this week for Paris.

A marriage has been arranged between Sir John Swinburne, Bart., of Capheaton, Northumberland, and Mary, youngest daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Cockburn, of Pennoxstone, Ross-on-Wye.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Duchess of Albany presided on Saturday afternoon at a meeting of the League of Mercy in Deptford, looking remarkably well in a stone-coloured cloth dress, and a magnificent cloak of seal and sable. Princess Alice accompanied her mother, and was wearing pale fawn colour, trimmed with chenille, and a lovely picture hat of electric blue velvet.

The Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught, accompanied by Mrs. Egerton, have arrived at Madresfield Court for a few days' visit to Lord and Lady Beauchamp.

Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who is making satisfactory progress towards recovery, is very disappointed at having to abandon his trip to India, but he hopes to make a trip to the Cape instead in the early spring.

The Duke of Devonshire leaves Chatsworth this morning for London, and to-mor-

row morning the Duchess, with her guests, will also return to town. No further parties will be entertained at Chatsworth until the middle of next month, but it is very probable that the King and Queen will spend a few days at Chatsworth early in the New Year.

Earrings are undoubtedly being a good deal worn at present. The Princess of Wales has always been faithful to this custom, and last season she frequently wore long earrings, which are said to be creeping back into favour. Lady de Grey and Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck always wear them. Mrs. Mackay owns the finest black pearl earrings ever seen; they are said to have cost over ten thousand pounds.

Lady Monson had consented to act as Lady patroness at the Lincolnshire Stuff Ball early next year, but now finds she is absolutely

compelled to be in America at that time. Mrs. Montagu Waldo-Sibthorp, of Canwick Hall, has stepped into the breach, and decided that the colours shall remain as chosen by Lady Monson, white and purple and pale blue.

Lord Stanhope has arrived at 20, Grosvenor-place from Chevening, Sevenoaks. Lady Stanhope is expected at the end of this week.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

"That life is long which answers life's great end."
—Young.

Many happy returns to—

Lady Bolton. Lady Muriel Digby. Lady Caroline Bertie. Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Mr. Cecil Perry. Mr. Roger Brand.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg is the eldest son of Princess Henry of Battenberg, and consequently a nephew of the King. He was educated at Wellington College, and is now a naval cadet.

Lady Muriel Digby, the only daughter of Lord Lichester, was married but a few months ago. Lady Muriel has a very charming talent

FROM THE SHIRES.

EXTRACTS FROM MY HUNTING DIARY.

Loseby Hall, where the Quorn met on Friday, is a beautiful old Elizabethan house, of great hunting fame, and recalls Davenport Bromley's poem in the days of the Belvoir Hunt.

Loseby Hall, that in the distance Overlooks the grassy plain Swamped from Twyford to the Coplow By the everlasting rain.

This was written in 1853, but it certainly holds good for 1903, as after a downpour of rain on Thursday night the country was again soaked.

With the Quorn.

The morning started badly, John o' Gaunt covert being blank. It was one o'clock before we reached Adam's Gorse. However, no delay occurred here, the fox going away very quickly towards Burrough, pursued by a few couple of hounds and the majority of the field, who consequently got lost, as at the same moment a "Holloa!" on the further side proclaimed another fox had gone. There was a short silence when, fortunately, Mr. Bernard Wilson caught sight of the flying pack disappearing towards Twyford. "Catch them if you can" was then the order of the day, and the lucky few, not more than twenty people, had as good a thirty minutes as will be enjoyed for many a day. Twyford Vale takes some negotiating, but who cares when pace is racing.

Mr. Hedworth Barclay led the way, with Mrs. William Lawson, Colonel Grenfell, and Mr. Wilson, whilst on their right Mr. John McKie took command of another division. In crossing the bottom below Owston Wood hounds checked. Bishopp held his hounds over the road, and finally marked his fox to ground near Sowerby. The ring from Burrough Wood later on was good fun, and then Gartree Hill was drawn.

A Sharp Spin.

At four o'clock a sharp spin of fifteen minutes took us to Wildes Lodge, where in the gloaming Mr. Otho Paget was seen holding up his cap at the barn door, having apparently been in time to see the fox enter; hounds made short work of their quarry.

We then groped our way home in the dark. On Saturday such a tempest raged that the Cottesmore could do nothing from Beaumont Chase, and the Belvoir did a bird day's sport from Piper's Hole.

Lacy Glitters.

The Blankney and Burton Hunts both had wretched experience on Saturday. Such a hurricane waged that it was almost impossible to keep the saddle, and although both found foxes wind almost immediately destroyed the scent.

The Surrey Stag-hounds had a great run on Saturday, meeting at Edenbridge, which is the Leicestershire country of Kent. There was a large field, including the Master (Captain McTaggart) and Mrs. McTaggart, Lord and Lady Hardinge and Captain Nickalls. The deer took a beautiful line of country, over Finn Kelsey's land, on to Broxham, and then, skirting Hever, ran right away to Blackham. From this point she turned towards Tunbridge Wells, close to which town the chase ended. The run was one of the best for years.

To-day's Appointments.

The principal meets to-day are the Quorn, at Wymswold, 11 o'clock; the Cottesmore, at Witley Warren, 11 o'clock; the Duke of Beaufort's, at Cherington, 10.45; the Rufford, at Glapwell, 11.15; the Warwickshire, at Ragley Hall, and the Worcestershire, at Crowle Village, at 11 o'clock.

LADIES AT GOLF.

At Belton Park, Grantham, on Saturday the competition for the Lincolnshire Coronation medal was held in very rough weather. The result was a win for Miss M. Neville with 120 net, Miss B. M. Thompson being second with 121 net.

The three matches played by Prince's Ladies' Golf Club last week were chiefly for this club. The team of seven which visited Brighton beat the Brighton and Hove Club by four matches to three; on the following day the second team, playing at Beckenham, beat the Beckenham Ladies' second team by four and a half matches to three and a half; and, two days later, the club gave Woking a beating at Mitcham by three and a half to two and a half. In the last match Miss Sparrow beat Mrs. Willock, Mrs. Stanley Stubbs halved with Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Horace Martin lost to Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Le Marchant lost to Mrs. Whitehead, Miss Langley beat Mrs. Fenton, and Mrs. Norman Smith beat Miss Hotham.



MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN ON TOUR.

Mrs. Chamberlain has Accompanied the Great Statesman on his Campaign Throughout the Country to Advocate Fiscal Reform.

(Photo by Macfadyen.)

YESTERDAY AT BRIGHTON.

Brighton has had a week-end of fine weather, though the strong westerly wind of yesterday morning made the dust at church parade a little trying. However, the esplanade was crowded, among those recognised being the Duke of Rutland, looking very hale despite his burden of years, and his daughter, Lady Victoria Manners, Lord Northampton, Lady Kenmare, Sir John Aird, Sir Edward and Lady Clarke, and Mr. and Mrs. William James, the latter in a bath-chair.

Lord Stanhope has arrived at 20, Grosvenor-place from Chevening, Sevenoaks. Lady Stanhope is expected at the end of this week.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.

Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MONSIEUR DE BEAUCAIRE.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.
TWO SPECIAL MATINEES WEDNESDAYS, Dec. 2 and 9.
Box office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

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November 18, 1903.

COURT THEATRE. Mr. J. H. Leigh.

THE TEMPEST.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

MATINEES TUESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY,
at 2.30.

Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 6,024 Westminster.
80th PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5.

SHAFTESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.

WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
IN DAHOMEY.
The only real gait walk.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
IN DAHOMEY.
MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AUTUMN

TOUR.—THIS WEEK, PRINCE OF WALES'S
THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM. The run of OLD HEIDEL-
BERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY,
JANUARY 25.

APOLLO SALON.

119, Regent-street, W.
APOLLO CONCERTS.
Wing Series.
THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 26, at 3.30 p.m.

APOLLO PIANO PLAYER.

THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 26, at 3.30 p.m.
Violinist—MISS M. ALDIS.
Accompanied by the APOLLO Piano Player.

For special invitation cards please apply to the Manager.
Concert Department, Apollo House, 119, Regent-street,
London, W.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and
Williams, 510, Oxford-street London, W., are prepared
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount.
Articles sent from the country receive immediate atten-
tion.

MABEL.—Meet me to-morrow at the London

Shoe Company, Ltd., 123 and 125, Queen Victoria-
street, E.C.5. You will see the most beautiful and
smart satin Court and only 4s. 11d. per pair. They supply
them in various colours, with hosiery to match.—F.L.O.

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BIRTHS.

DANBY.—On Nov. 19, at Church Farm, Offchurch, Leam-
ington, the Lady Alexandra, the wife of Philip S.
Danby, of a daughter.

HOLDEN.—On Monday, Nov. 19, at The Beeches, Gosdon-
road, Waddon, Croydon, the wife of the Rev. Hys H.
Holden, of a son.

LEPPER.—On Nov. 19, at The Birches, South-hill, Brom-
ley, Kent, the wife of John Harcourt Lepper, of a
daughter.

RUCKKEENE.—On Nov. 18, at Clonfert, County, Col-
chester, the wife of the Rev. Edmund R. Ruckkeene, of a
son.

WICKOK.—On the 20th inst., at 29, Old Town,
Clapham-common, S.W., the wife of Ernest Westbrook,
L.E.C.P., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HENLEY-ROCHFORD.—On the 18th inst., at Dunlavin
Church, by the Rev. Canon W. McCree, Rector of the parish,
assisted by the Rev. Canon Willocks, Rector of Bagenal-
town, Major Francis Henry Henley, eldest son of Captain A. Henley, late 52nd Light In-
fantry, to Rose, youngest daughter of the late Captain C. G. Rochford, Rochford Bridge, Westcreek, and step-
daughter of Colonel Tynce, C.B., Tynce-park, Dunlavin,
Ireland.

WALLER—STEVENSON.—On the 19th inst., at All
Saints, Prince's-park, Liverpool, by the Rev. Percy
Waller, father being assisted by the Rev. F. P. Baynes, Vicar, Richmond, Campbell Shakespeare
Royal, Lieutenant Royal Artillery, Light Infantry, to
Leitia Frances, only daughter of John Stevenson, Esq.,
of 6, Devonshire-road, Prince's Park, Liverpool.

DEATHS.

ARMYtage.—On the 20th inst., at 67, Warwick-square,
Penella Fitzhardinge, the wife of Colonel Henry Army-
tage, Colchester Guards, and younger daughter of the
late Baron Fitzhardinge.

COLLEY.—On Nov. 18, at Mount Temple, Clontarf,
County Dublin, the late Mrs. Mary Colley, widow of the late
Henry F. Colley, and daughter of the late Hon. and
Rev. William Wingham.

HAYDOCK.—On Nov. 17, at 13, St. Julian's-road, Brompton,
Maria Susan Haydock, daughter of the late
Vance Haydock, Esq.

LIARD.—On Nov. 15, of fever, in Gonnallan, Eric
Dalziel Liard, Lieutenant Queen's Own (Royal West
Kent Regiment) and King's African Rifles, aged 25,
younger son of Major General Liard (Retired), Royal
Engineers, of Igham Knoll, Kent.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices
of the Daily Mirror are:—

2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

The West End Offices of the Daily Mirror are:—

45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1310 AND 1319 Holborn.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:—"Reflexed," London.

PARIS OFFICE: 23, Rue Talbott.

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of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 16s. 6d.;
or for a year, 32s. 6d.

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Baroness Clifton of Leighton Bromswold.

(Photograph by Lafayette.)

Dod's Book of Beauty.

THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED PEERAGE.

NOWADAYS, when every society beauty or important personage is pictured and paragraphed in every illustrated paper, it is difficult to find any pose in which they have not yet been seen.

The various books of beauty which have appeared from time to time have been more or less stereotyped in form and similar in production.

The merit of novelty is due to the new illustrated peerage, which is shortly to be issued by the publishers of Dod's Peerage. It will contain many features not usually embodied in "Dod," the most prominent being the 500 photographs of peers and peeresses, many of them in their Coronation robes, which form

the *raison d'être* of the book; though additional interest will be added by the technical details of armorial bearings contained in the volume, and much interesting, and up to the present little known, information about various noble families.

Lady Winchester, the subject of the accompanying illustration, married Lord Winchester in 1892. The latter took a prominent part in the Coronation ceremony, as he is Hereditary Bearer of the Cup of Maintenance. Lord Winchester's family is an old one, the first peerage dating as far back as 1539, when Sir William Paulet was created Baron St. John of Basing. In 1550 he was made Earl of Wiltshire, the Marquisate being conferred a year later. This first Marquis was an executor of the will of King Henry VIII., and Lord Treasurer of England during the reigns of his three children, Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth.

Lord and Lady Winchester have no town

house, and when in London, which is not very often, as they are both fond of country life, stay at an hotel. Amport St. Mary's, near Andover, in Hampshire, the family seat, is situated in a very picturesque part of the country. Having no children, Lord Winchester's heir is Captain Charles Paulet, who served with distinction in the South African war, having been mentioned in despatches.

The little girl, whose portrait is taken in her Coronation robes, is Baroness Clifton, of Leighton Bromswold, the only child of the late Lord Darnley, on whose death without an heir the earldom went to his brother, and the barony to his little daughter.

At the time of the Coronation Jemima Lady Darnley, the little lady's mother, was much exercised as to the style of her robes and as to what she would do if she had to sit in the Abbey among peeresses of her own rank.

It was, therefore, rather a relief to her to learn that no peer or peeress was entitled to appear at the Coronation until they had reached the age of twenty-one.

Jemima Lady Darnley, who, herself a peeress, is the mother of a peeress as well, has recently married en secondes nocces Captain Arthur Leveson, R.N., and at present they live in a charming house in Malta.

So much has already been written about Lady Lansdowne that very little remains to be said. She was a Hamilton, a daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, and on the occasion of her wedding, which took place in Westminster Abbey in 1869, simultaneously with that of her sister, Lady Blandford, the two brides were married in full Court costume, a privilege

which is usually reserved for royalty only. Now Lady Lansdowne is the popular wife of the Foreign Minister, and one of the great ladies of the Court. Her political parties at Lansdowne House in Berkeley-square have been some of the most brilliant ever given by a state department in this country.

Lady Donegall, whose portrait in the new Peerage is one of the few not taken in Coronation robes, recently presented her husband with a son and heir, who will assume the courtesy title of Earl of Belfast. Although a marquess Lord Donegall officially is only Baron Fisherwick, and as such sits in the House of Lords, while at the Coronation, too, his seat was among the Barons, whose patent bears the same date as

that of Fisherwick. The portrait of the King and Queen is one of the most artistic, but it is too well known to need reproduction here. Several other royal photographs will also be included in the book—among them one of Princess Henry of Battenberg.

The Duchess of Hamilton's picture is a remarkably pretty one. She is tall, fair-haired, and graceful, looking particularly well in a riding habit. Hamilton Palace, the Duke of Hamilton's place in Lanarkshire, is unique in that it has a wonderful portico of Corinthian pillars. There was a famous library there at one time, but on the death of the late duke it was dispersed.

The photographs of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady de Grey, Lady de Trafford, and Lady Linlithgow are not taken in their robes, but other



The Marchioness of Winchester.

(Photograph by Lafayette.)

notable women in full dress with their coronets are Lady Powis, Lady Howe, Lady Kinross, and Lady Belhaven and Stenton.

Lord Forester, whose portrait, as well as that of his wife, appears in the book, has in his possession a grant of the time of Henry VIII., giving to John Forester, Esq., of Watling-street, County Salop, the privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence.

Another privilege of much the same kind was that possessed by the wife of Lord Spencer, who was allowed to carry her train over her arm when the King was present.

Lord Elibank, Lord Exeter, Lord Westmeath, and Lord Gosford also appear in their robes, and particularly interesting are the photographs of Knights in the robes of their respective Orders.

This book is published by Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.



Jemima Countess of Darnley.

(Photograph by A. Tarr.)



The Marchioness of Donegall.

(Photograph by Squier.)



The Marchioness of Lansdowne.

(Photograph by Lafayette.)

Great Bridge Contest: £156 offered.

IN accordance with the suggestions of many correspondents, who have thought that our Tournament might be made more attractive to beginners by the addition of subordinate prizes, the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* have now decided to increase the sum given away by distributing a further

FIFTY POUNDS

in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful candidates. The total sum added as a free gift to the entrance fees is now

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

placing the competition on even a more popular basis than before.

To-day we give the FIFTH COUPON.

Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure a copy of last Friday's issue (which contains all the four previous coupons), and send the five in together, carefully observing the instructions here printed. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1, 2, 3, and 4, have now to forward the coupon on this page. Other coupons will follow.

THE CASH PRIZES.

All the entrance-fees (See Rule 1) will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One Hundred Pounds of this and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into a lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitors who send in the best sets of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided. The remaining FIFTY POUNDS will be distributed in Consolation Prizes.

NO LONG WAITING.

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made.

The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, and the nom de guerre or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.

There will only be one such entrance fee

payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

2. The Tournament is open to both men and women.

3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

4. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament." Reasons for, or explanations of the play may be given,

but no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

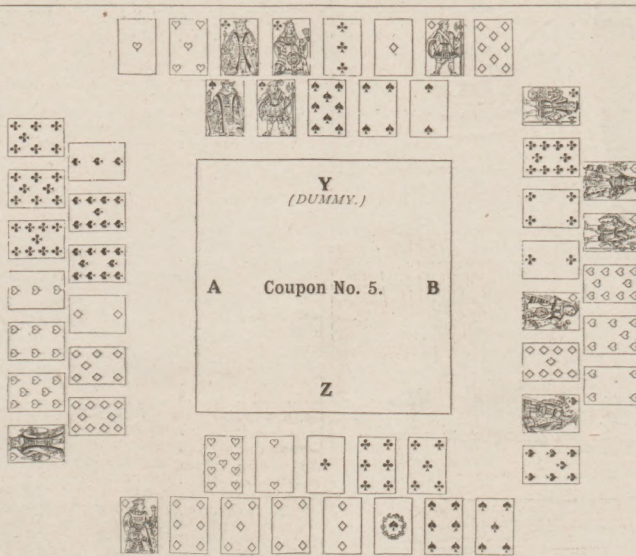
"(1) Very occasionally letters do go astray in the post. I should be glad to know, therefore, whether it will be possible to acknowledge the receipt of coupons and answers. (2) With all the hands exposed, I find it rather difficult to know to what extent inferences may be drawn from the play."—(K.M.)

(1) It will be impossible to acknowledge replies. But if we find a coupon or reply missing in a competitor's series, we may be able to call his or her attention in this column to the fact.

(2) You may explain any inferences that may be drawn from the fall of the cards; and the subsequent play may, of course, be based on such inferences.

MRs. R. (Ryde).—The card solution is awkward to handle. We are preparing forms to make it easier for you.

Ernest Bergholt.



Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it. Y (Dummy) declares No-trumps. A leads ♠ 3.

Write out in some convenient form (for an example see the "*Daily Mirror*" of Thursday last) what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make Y Zwin extra tricks—to which they are not fairly entitled—through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understating that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

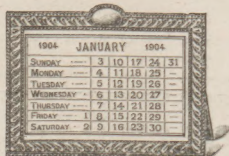
Name..... Nom de Guerre
Address..... or Initials.....

DICKINS & JONES'

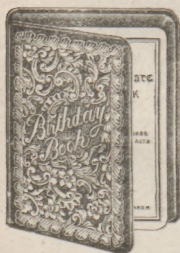
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163. Gentleman's Card Case.
Hall-marked Silver.
Finely engraved or quite plain, 12/6;
postage 3d.



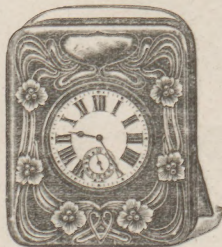
Useful Calendar in New Fancy
Silver Frame.
Price complete, 6/11.



162. Birthday Book.
In Sterling Silver.
Very charming present,
beautifully made, 21/-



195. "Violette de Parme"
(Roger and Gallet's).
With heavy Sterling
Silver Case, sprinkler
top ... 10/6
Square shape ... 12/6
Larger square shape 18/6
Round shape ... 12/9
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All Roger and Gallet's
Perfumes at Store Prices.



New Design, Sterling Silver,
with Fine Lever Movement,
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Catalogue of Christmas Gifts,

Containing upwards of 400 Illustrations, is now ready, and can be had Post Free on Application.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD., Regent St., London, W.

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are woven with fast Selvege edges, and are not liable to unravel in washing, as is the case with other frillings which have not fast edges.

J. & J. CASH, Limited, Coventry, will forward their new illustrated pattern book free by post to any lady writing for one. It contains—

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Mary Queen of Scots

COLOUR CONSIDERATION.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

"MAY the gods forgive me, but I do hate emerald green." That is what an ardent devotee said to me earnestly in the early days of last spring, when the coming popularity of emerald green was heralded on some of the new Parisian millinery. To-day one is almost inclined to forgive her irreverence, even to echo it; emerald green has been misused as a feature, and its too common wear has destroyed its charm, while, as a matter of fact, it is more becoming to the feature face and figure than it is to the English.

Yet it has possibilities of which we should not be ungrateful; for recently I saw a very dark woman of extreme beauty in a white evening dress with a low décolletage over which was thrown a long stole of white ermine. In the dark hair, which was parted in the centre, was a scarf of emerald green tied at one side into a large rosette; the effect being entirely admirable, and for this the emerald green was mainly responsible.

Again, to be pleasantly recalled is a costume of black cloth, coat and skirt, worn with a black caracul muff, and made extremely attractive by a toque of bright emerald green velvet in the new elongated shape, with ruchings of velvet on the brim. In neither of these cases would any other colour but emerald green have proved of the same service. So, even if we abandon emerald, and it would seem as if we meant to do so, let us gratefully remember it and return to its influence now and again, for it is merely our exuberant enthusiasm which has rung its early death-knell.

Possibilities of Sapphire Blue.

We can by no means take to blue of the sapphire tone with the same amount of success; although the authorities now use this on the black cloth dresses, it is dull and ineffective in comparison with its predecessor, though when called upon to make an entire costume it is without doubt the superior of its rival. Take, for an example, a chiffon dress for evening wear; made in emerald green this is conspicuous and perhaps vulgar in a sense, although it may be improved by the tasteful addition of an old lace collar, a black velvet bow in the hair, and a long black moiré ribbon round the neck holding some quaint old diamond ornament or miniature. A blue chiffon dress, on the other hand, stands out amongst a crowd of white and pink and yellow ball gowns, and would have a distinction all its own. Of two admirable models worthy of special note, the one was of taffeta, the skirt elaborated with pleatings and quillings of the taffeta in vandyke design, on either side an insertion of silver embroidery tied with small silver tassels; the bodice to this had a low lace yoke transparent and embroidered in silver, and in the hair was twisted a bow of silver gauze tied with a piece of blue taffeta in the centre. The other blue was of chiffon of a sapphire tone, with a deep collar round the shoulders of white lace embroidered in white silk roses, the chemisette peeping above this being of Valenciennes threaded with white ribbons, and tied in the front with a bow of shaded gauze in every tone of blue and silver, and tasselled ends which fell below the waist, which was again encircled by this blue and silver gauze.

An Oriental Model.

But to return again to the wearing of emerald green; this is seen in the happiest contrast with a black and white check tweed. Again, it will look well in alliance with oxidised silver braiding, and a dress of dark brown face cloth. An excellent costume, which hailed from Paris, was made of black green velvet braided in black, followed by a narrow silver cord, the front of the coat showing a distinct novelty in being laced over

The Art of Dress.

those metal eyelets usually associated with the hobnailed boots of the workman.

It is rumoured that olive green is to take the place of emerald in the favour of the Parisian, and one daring innovator has suggested the combination of olive and emerald. I pause to reflect that it is in colour combinations that the French are so audacious and so fascinating. Nothing, for instance, can be more successful than the union of mauve with scarlet, to which they introduced us some four seasons ago, quite the most fascinating of toques being made of mauve violets with a bunch of scarlet geraniums at one side.

Another successful combination of theirs is pink with bright red, and quite delightful are some evening frocks which bear these shades with taste on a skirt, bodice, and underskirt. Again, the French may be admired for bring-

ing into most friendly relations these two most prominent rivals in the field of favour, to whom these few words are mainly dedicated, sapphire blue and emerald green. Together they are to be observed making a most excellent hat in beaver and velvet, with a shaded ostrich feather extending its graceful length at one side; and I once met a directoire costume in plaid of bright green and bright blue in the tiniest of checks trimmed with pipings of the two colours in velvet, and the result was no less becoming than incroyable!

A costume in black velvet having wide bands of black silk braid with gold bullion lace at sleeves and Egyptian embroideries and big round gold buttons on its Astrakhan bolero was very chic, with a toque of sable encircled about the top edge of its brim, with a wreath of tiny green gauze roses, from which dangled all about little gold acorns.



Lady Jane Grey

A FANTASY.

DRESSING AND SALAD DRESSING.

TAKE four and a half yards of Oriental satin nicely blanched, cut into sections and inlet a fine filet guipure, garnish with shredded purse silk of the same colour in the form of tassels, take some crisp little gold boutons and place in rows of five at neck and wrists, with a sprinkling of black velvet or sapphire blue bows. This dainty dish will serve as a dressy little blouse.

Which things are an allegory. Dress like salad needs understanding. How is it that one garment has style while another lacks it, one is dainty, ravissante, another looks dowdy? It is that the successful dressmaker

knew what she was about, while the other had followed fashion vaguely, without understanding the fundamental principle of design and harmony, which lay beneath the fashion and style. There must be mind and method in the designer if success is to be achieved.

Some dress has exactly the effect of a flavourless salad on us; the ingredients may be fresh and good, but they have not been mixed with skill, while perhaps the wrong one predominates, and a subtle flavour is lost.

When thinking out a tea-gown, a day dress, or even a blouse, on no account omit the sauce piquante; as a salad needs its touch of white wine vinegar, aspic its tarragon, and the perfect cream ice its dash of liqueur, so a woman's dress needs its distinctive touch to give it savour.

In the blouse recipe above the gold buttons or velvet bows are

the notes which will give it character; otherwise it would be a pretty white satin blouse, pretty merely, with nothing in the world to differentiate it from a hundred dozen others.

FOR THE WHOLE WORLD OF WOMEN.

It were superfluous at this time of day to defend or fight in any way for the acceptance of the corset built in accordance with the decrees of La Mode. For at last the modiste and corsetière have agreed to work in strictest alliance, and that which the former ordains in matter of outline, the latter immediately achieves, the whole essence of elegant success resting on the perfect corset.

Nor is there a corsetière in our midst more deeply imbued by the importance of these shifting of tactics than Madame Dowling, Faraday House, Charing Cross-road, who has quite recently brought out a new model, expressly designed to meet the exigencies of the long-pointed bodice. A revival of the early Victorian period, Madame Dowling has christened, with delightfully characteristic humour, this latest child of her imagination the Mary Ann.

And it matters not to this skilled creator of the corset of the moment whether the figure she has to treat be slender or stout, since she is as successful in fictitiously achieving an appearance of rounded proportions as in spiriting away superfluous adipose deposit—the bugarbe of so many women in these times of luxurious and high living. The methods she pursues are quite peculiar to herself, and these she practically and personally demonstrates in every individual customer, with results which immediately account for the immense clientèle she has gathered about her.



No. 8.—A CHARMING CONFECTION OF LIBERTY SATIN, LACE AND JEWELLED PASSEMENTERIE.

No. 8.—THE DAINTIEST DINNER JACKET.

A very host of delightful suggestions in the shape of colour schemes and materials jump to the imagination in respect of this pretty and most practical jacket. For practical it is, both in construction and the hint it offers how to complete a skirt not quite in its pristine freshness for quiet home dinners. Two details there are to be specially noted; the sleeve taking precedence, with its short close-fitting top and curious little wing-shaped piece falling from the back over an immensely deep ruffle of lace. While there comes a delicious touch in that frill of lace dropping below the bolero, which is so disposed as to suggest the idea of an under-jacket.

And here is an effective scheme for expressing the notion. Liberty satin in a rich copper tone, with lace very slightly tinted, and dull gold galon embroidery worked in bright gold, pearls, and emeralds, and used in two widths.

As will be readily understood, colouring and material are everything in rendering so slight and incidental an affair as this a complete success, while those seriously attracted by the idea, and desiring to exploit the same quickly, may be glad to know that two and a half yards of single width is ample provision, together with 1½ yards of embroidery.

Flat paper pattern, 6½d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 6½d.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d. or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are dispatched at the earliest possible moment.



The Complexion of the Woman of Forty.

It is almost a crime to grow old in this age of great possibilities. To-day the woman of forty wears the complexion of a girl of twenty years her junior, and even the most pitiless of lights cannot find a wrinkle in her flawless skin. She has drunk at the fountain of perpetual youth, and to the charms of mind has added those of health and beauty. What wonder then that forty is now considered a most fascinating age? Whereas years ago it was deemed one that put a woman hopelessly in the shade.

Persistence an Essential.

There are, of course, exceptions to all rules. Every woman of forty is not the possessor of a fine complexion or a fascinating manner. But there is hope even for the woman who has been too indolent to take the most ordinary precautions for the preservation of her complexion. A woman's skin may be weather-beaten with the ravages of wind and weather, or sallow as the result of a too sedentary life and a wrong dietary, but both these misfortunes may be remedied, provided she will bring persistency and perseverance to the task.

A woman who has the most perfect complexion at forty-five has recently revealed her secret. She declares that charcoal is the only cosmetic she has ever used for twenty-eight years, and that the fineness of her skin is due to this simple remedy. In her medicine cupboard she keeps a wide-mouthed bottle containing finely-ground French charcoal. For three nights consecutively every two months she takes one teaspoonful of charcoal mixed with honey, and often if she feels tired or suffers from indigestion. Her diet includes the free use of tomatoes, prunes, figs, grapes, and all sorts of ripe fruits, and she claims that these also help to preserve her complexion.

Vichy Water as a Cosmetic.

Another woman of forty, who is the happy owner of a satin-like complexion, ascribes the perfection of her skin to the daily use of cold water and medicated soft-soap, used with a moderately stiff nail-brush. To many skins such harsh treatment would be extremely detrimental, but the fact remains that in this instance the daily scrubbing of the face has resulted in a beautiful skin. Those, however, who dare not use either soap or over much water for the cleansing of their complexion will find a great improvement take place, particularly if the skin be inclined to greasiness, after the use of a soft towel dipped in Vichy water, and applied night and morning to the face and neck.

At forty the two dangers to the complexion lie either in the tendency to accumulate or to lose flesh on the face. In both cases the contour of the face is destroyed and the beauty of the features impaired. It is much easier to put on the necessary flesh than to take it off. The woman who sees her face lengthening each day must use a skin food every night compounded of half an ounce of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, one ounce of lanolin, three ounces of oil of almonds, and one ounce of orange flower water. This should be rubbed every

night into the skin for fifteen minutes, and will do wonders in the way of filling out hollow cheeks and necks. Great care should be taken not to rub harshly, especially under the eyes.

The Great Diet Question.

The woman of fifty who is likely to have a double chin and cheeks over-plump must be specially careful about her diet, and should most certainly avoid farinaceous and starchy foods. She must also reduce the superfluous flesh on her cheeks by a course of massage, applied by a clever beauty specialist, and the use of astringent lotions. No cream or oil must be employed to cleanse the face. In place of these, she must use an alkaline wash composed of a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda to a pint of water.

Every week she must spray her face for ten minutes with a vaporiser, in which a teaspoonful of boric acid has been added to a pint of boiling water. A mixture of bran moistened with elder flower water must then be smeared well into the face and gradually rubbed off with a circular friction movement. Lastly, the face should be sponged with rose water into which has been dropped a small quantity of toilet vinegar, and the skin must be well dried with a piece of soft white silk, which acts as a polisher to the complexion.

There is an admirable paste for softening and refining the skin in winter which is used regularly by one woman who has preserved her complexion for over forty years. This is made of two ounces of refined honey, one dessertspoonful of lemon juice, eight drops of oil of bitter almonds, the whites of two eggs and enough fine oatmeal to bring about the required consistency. This is a paste very beneficial to the woman who lives in the country, and whose skin is apt to get cracked and roughened, and it is also one that may be used with much benefit by almost everybody.

An Old Lady's Recipe.

An old lady, who had contrived to preserve much of the softness of her skin, was kind enough to give the recipe of a face wash which she declared was the only cosmetic she had ever used. It was a simple preparation of one gramme of boric acid and five drops of English honey dissolved in one hundred grammes of rose water, and was used night and morning to cleanse the face.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard, and must be addressed to "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 20th.



THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.

Life is... shortened by a waste of time.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 19.—SOLE A LA MIREILLE.

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

Put in a saucepan containing one teaspoonful of boiling salad oil two ounces of fresh tomatoes, peeled and crushed, a small pinch of saffron, a little garlic, one bay leaf, one large capsicum cut into small dices, season with salt and pepper, and let simmer until reduced to a certain thickness.

Well butter a china fish dish, lay in a fine sole, well trimmed and well seasoned, a teaspoonful of chopped shallots and parsley, add to it the above tomato, dissolved with a quarter of fish stock, and put in hot oven, keep pouring its own sauce over it for about fifteen minutes, by means of a soup spoon, and serve.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Saturday evening.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 60.—KEDGEREE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two ounces of butter, half a pound of boiled rice, half a pound of any cold cooked fish, salt, pepper, and cayenne, two hard-boiled eggs.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add to it the fish, rice, and the whites of the eggs coarsely chopped. Make the mixture very hot, and season it well. Pile it up on a hot dish, and garnish it with some finely chopped parsley and the yolks of the eggs rubbed through a sieve.

Cost 1s. for six portions.

No. 61.—APPLE JELLY.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a quarter pounds of apples, one lemon, half an ounce of shredded almonds, four ounces of lump sugar, half an ounce of sheet gelatine, a few drops of cochineal.

Wipe the apples with a wet cloth, then cut them into small pieces, put them in a pan with the sugar, half a pint of water, and the grated rind and a piece of the lemon. Cook these over the fire till the apples are tender. Dissolve the gelatine in three tablespoonfuls of hot water. When the apples are tender rub them through a sieve. Next stir into them the dissolved gelatine, the almonds, and enough cochineal to make the mixture a pretty colour. Pour into a mould which has been rinsed with cold water and leave till set.

Cost 7d. for six portions.

No. 62.—LOBSTER WITH CECIL SAUCE.

INGREDIENTS:—One fresh lobster, one ounce of butter, one level tablespoonful of flour, quarter of a pint of cream (or milk), quarter of a pint of stock, one egg, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Take all the meat of the lobster from the shell and cut it into pieces about an inch square. Melt the butter in a stewpan, then stir the flour smoothly into it, and add the cream and stock. Stir this sauce over the fire till it boils, then put in the pieces of lobster and make it very hot. Arrange the mixture in a hot dish with a ring of chopped parsley round the base.

Cost 2s. 8d. for six portions.

No. 63.—ROAST SADDLE OF MUTTON.

INGREDIENTS:—A saddle of mutton.

The saddle should hang for about ten days. Trim the joint neatly then roast it before a clear, bright fire, keeping it well basted. For the first eight minutes the joint should be quite near the fire, and afterwards drawn a little further off.

A saddle weighing ten to eleven pounds will take about two and a half hours.

Serve on a hot dish with a tureen of hot gravy and red currant or rowan jelly.

Cost 7s. for 8 lbs.

No. 64.—RICE CROQUETTES.

INGREDIENTS:—Quarter of a pound of rice, one quart of milk, the livers of four chickens or geese, two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham, one tablespoonful of chopped truffe, half a gill of white sauce, half a tablespoonful of melted glaze, egg and crumbs.

Cook the rice and milk together till they are quite stiff. Chop finely the livers, ham and truffe. Mix these with the white sauce and melted glaze. Season the mixture well, then let it get quite cold. Next form it into the shape of croquets. Smooth out small portions of the cooked rice on a floured board, place a shape of the mixture on the rice, and fold it up in the rice, keeping it still in the shape of a croquet. Roll each shape in bread crumbs, then brush them over with beaten egg, then again roll them in crumbs.

Fry them a golden brown, and serve garnished with fried parsley.

Cost about 2s. for eight portions.

No. 65.—AUBERGINES AU GRATIN.

INGREDIENTS:—Four aubergines, butter, grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Put the aubergines into a pan of hot water on the fire and boil them for ten minutes. Then take them out of the water and let them get cold. Next cut each in half and take out the seeds. Brush each half over with some warmed butter and arrange them neatly in a fire-proof dish and put a layer of grated cheese on each half.

Put the dish in a quick oven and bake till the aubergines are soft, probably about ten minutes.

Pour over them some good brown sauce and serve in the dish in which they were cooked.

Cost 1s. for eight portions.

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BREAKFAST.

Kidney Cakes. *Kedgerie.
Grilled Hair. Mushroom Toast.
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LUNCH.

Pot au Feu.
Fried Whiting and Shrimp Sauce.
Roast and Stuffed Loaf of Pork with Apple Sauce.
Poached Eggs with Spinach.
Boudinets of Beef. Cauliflower au Gratin.
*Apple Jelly. Queen Pudding.
Cheese Fritters.

COLD DISHES.

Galantine of Beef. Boiled Chicken.
TEA.
Crumpets.
Cucumber Sandwiches.
Russian Cake.
Chocolate Cakes. Cherry Buns.

DINNER.

Soups.
Mock Turtle. Clear Soup à la Rachel.
Fish.
Scollops of Turbot.
*Lobster with Cecil Sauce.
Entrees.
Veal Cutlets à la Provençale.
*Rice Croquettes.

ROASTS.

*Saddle of Mutton. Chickens.
Game.
Boiled Pheasant stuffed with Chestnuts.
Roast Snipe.
*Aubergines au Gratin. Potato Snow.
Sweets.
Coffee Cream. French Pancakes.
Savouries.
Spanish Croûtons. Stuffed Olives.
Ice.
Neapolitan.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

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PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Meat.		Fish.		Poultry and Game.		Vegetables.	
Veal.	Mutton.	Beef.	Pork.	Sole.	Turbot.	Brill.	Asparagus.
Whiting.	Halibut.	Red Mullet.	Herrings.	Smelts.	Sprats.	Cod.	Artichokes.
Oysters.	Lobsters.	Crabs.		Turkeys.	Geese.	Ducks.	Carrots.
Knobs.	Pigeons.	Grouse.		Pheasants.	Snipe.	Wildgeon.	Spruce.
Teal.	Quail.	Hares.		Pintail Duck.			Turnip Tops.
							Salads.
Batavia.							
Asparagus.							
Leeks.							
Spinach.							

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Oranges. Grapes. Apples.
Pineapples. Melons. Grape Fruit.
American and Russian Cranberries.
Bananas. Lemons. Pomegranates.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Roses for the Table.
Red Carnations. Orchids.
Lilies of the Valley, with their leaves.
Mornet Roses. Mimosa.
Chrysanthemums. Beech Leaves.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Narcissus. Solanums.
Pink Begonias.
Crotons. Green Aralias.
Maidenhair Fern.



WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT.

DECLINE OF DANCING.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The reflections in Saturday's issue on the decline of dancing suggest to me that the fact—and it is an undoubted one—is perhaps another index of our physical decadence. From one point of view it would be somewhat easy to prove that we are on the highway to that phase in the cycle of human development that we see in the east. There dancing is a paid profession, whose exponents are regarded as having lost caste. Can it be that the western nations, too, are fast sinking to the unhealthy ideal that exercise is an undignified occupation, unfitting a serious man's dignity?

Such a conclusion is, let us hope, not a true one.

On the other hand, may it not be regarded as a sign of a wholesome tendency? The cult of athletics has produced a race that at least possesses the rudiments of physiological knowledge, and that is inspired with a desire for open-air exercise rather than any carried on in the close, vitiated atmosphere of a ball-room. The athletic probably prefer to take their exercise in the open, and the votaries of the ballroom, robbed of the muddled oaf contingent, are reduced to the scant numbers that are now being deplored.

Where dancing does survive nowadays the more forceful maiden of the twentieth century is certainly more enamoured of the more quickly-moving measures than her languid predecessor of the Georgian age. The change is a loss to the artist, but a gain to the physique of the nation.

Westminster.

E. L. C. WATSON.

SMOKING IN THEATRES.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

For the past few days I have read with interest the letters appearing in your paper on "Smoking in Theatres," and as the subject directly concerns my sex I beg to tender my opinion.

Personally I am very fond of the soothing weed, and indulge in it a great deal, but I view with great disfavour its importation into the theatre.

In the first place, taking into consideration the confined position of the seats, the

ash would have a pernicious effect upon ladies' dresses; secondly, the continual sound of matches being struck, and their attendant glare in different parts of the building, would seriously impair the harmony of the audience; and, thirdly, the atmosphere would become perfectly unbearable.

Moreover, I consider the practice would be an extremely selfish one. When we desire to smoke, we can always do so between the acts.

In conclusion, it should not be forgotten that the theatre is designed for the pleasure of both sexes, and consequently the fairer sex have every right to have their convenience and comfort studied.

VICTOR PEACH.

Madeley-road, Ealing.

HOSPITAL WARDS FOR PAYING PATIENTS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I am very glad indeed to see that your paper has been the first to take up the question of that crying want: Hospital wards for paying patients.

In the German hospitals private rooms can be obtained for inclusive fees of two guineas per week. Why, then, cannot the same arrangement be made in England?

At English nursing homes the cost is from three guineas to ten guineas a week, the surgeon concluding thence that the patient can well afford to pay a fee of as much as one hundred guineas for an operation alone; whereas in the paying ward of a hospital he is willing to take far less.

Why is nothing done for the educated class that is willing to pay but cannot afford exorbitant sums?

Harley-road, London, N.W.

THE FATE OF THE VICTORY.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The fate of Nelson's flagship is a topic which stirs all lovers of our country to the hope that the Admiralty will not be allowed to forget the existence of the Victory altogether or to take hasty and ill-considered measures, the usual procedure of the naval authorities.

No plan to my mind could be better or

less troublesome than to put the Victory into sufficient repair to permit of her being put back to her old anchoring ground in Plymouth.

There, in a neighbourhood saturated with historic memories, the good old ship would continue to be the Mecca of the naval enthusiast.

Esher.

A. W.

SPIDER WAISTS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I agree with your correspondent, "Figure," that nowadays one seldom sees even a moderately small waist. I am not at all ashamed to own that I wear very tightly-laced corsets, and have done so for years. I began tight lacing to please myself, and have enjoyed good health.

Every woman can judge for herself how small a waist she can have without injury to her health, and certain unmistakable signs show her when she is too tightly laced. The secret of success in obtaining a small waist is to have corsets made to measure, wear them day and night, and reduce the waist measure very gradually. The figure must always be kept in the mould. It took me three years to reduce my waist measure from 26in. to 16in., but for the past four years it has not exceeded 16in. by day or by night. I have corsets with waist measures down to 13in., into which I am often laced for short periods, but I have never succeeded in being laced into less than a 14in. waist.

SMALL WAIST.

SHOULD CHILDREN'S EDUCATION BE RELIGIOUS?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I quite agree with your correspondent in her views as to the teaching of religion in the public elementary schools of the country, but would like to extend the application of her views to the whole of the elementary schools, private as well as public.

My two small boys are at a preparatory school where several hours a week are occupied in the reception by them of "religious instruction." If I made a request that they should be exempted from what I consider an impregnation with superstition and an early diversion from the pursuit of truth, I should by so doing introduce a discord which would shatter their happiness with their school-fellows and teachers. The great value which is still so widely attached to sectarian instruction is mainly due to the weight of old traditions. Fidelity to sectarian tradition, to the "faith of our fathers," is still extolled as a spiritual treasure and a sacred duty. Yet an impartial study of the dominant evangelical faith of the present day suffices to show its essential difference from that of fifty years

ago; the faith of the eighteenth century diverges considerably from the "faith of our fathers" of the seventeenth, and more so from that of the sixteenth century. The Reformation is regarded as darkest heresy. In fact, the further we go back the more clearly it is seen that this esteemed "faith of our fathers" is undergoing continual transformation.

It has been ascertained repeatedly that not 19 per cent. of the population attends any kind of religious service whatever, and of this percentage probably only half consists of parents. Probably less than 2 per cent. of the male adult population of this country is sufficiently imbued with religious zeal to take the trouble to attend religious service once a week. This fact shows, if anything, how modern civilisation is still groaning under the yoke of clerical despotism.

If this large proportion of the parents of this country is under the conviction that religion is no support to them in their progress through this world, why should they acquiesce in the view that it is indispensable for their children?

CIVIS.

Colchester.

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BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE were times when, thinking of that fearful possibility and of Martia, Philip felt that he ought to throw up the Army and stay behind, to watch his father day and night unceasingly, to be ever present with him, so that, when that moment came, he might be on the spot to act. Yet, even as this mad thought came to him, he realised how futile his presence would be in the face of his father's determination. There was nothing to be done, whether he stayed, or whether he went, but to pray devoutly that Sir John might never remember.

True, once or twice he had thought of trusting Martia, telling her everything. He owed it to her, he knew; but he could not tell her. The shame of the thing was intolerable. It had changed him in a few weeks. He no longer felt the same man. He was a fraud—he was not Philip Chesney at all, and his father was a criminal. The consciousness of the hideous thing weighed him down, crushed him. He felt that he could never look an honest man in the face again.

And no one but he knew. Not even Martia. Even his father had been mercifully spared the knowledge and remembrance. He was alone with the damnable secret. Oh, the shame of the thing!

Sir John Chesney was in remarkably good spirits when they arrived at the house, and Dr. Forbes, whom Philip saw an hour or two afterwards, was sanguine concerning his patient's ultimate and speedy recovery.

"He has a giant's fund of nerve and will, Captain Chesney," he said, "and you can take my word for it that you won't know Sir John when you next come back."

"But his brain—his memory?" suggested Philip tentatively.

"As right as rain now," exclaimed Dr. Forbes. "There's nothing much the matter with his brain. I'm afraid I alarmed you all

unnecessarily; but, in these cases, one meets with so many exceptions to the rule, and contradictions."

"But," persisted Philip, "What about that forgetfulness of his—that, well, that thing he is always striving to remember?"

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, as if he had just recalled something to his mind, "of course. Well, well, that's nothing. It will pass. Merely the remnants of the—er, disorder, you know. And, by the way, I don't think he has troubled much about that lately, has he?"

"Perhaps not," said Philip, with a sigh of relief. And, indeed, he remembered that his father had not referred to the matter for some time—not, as a matter of fact, since the visit of Lord Clowes. Was it possible that his father was forgetting altogether the very desire to remember the thing which had so miraculously been blotted from his mind? It was too good to be true.

Later on that afternoon Philip was to receive a curious confirmation of his hopes. He was alone with his father. They had been talking over a few business affairs, and making some final arrangements as to Martia. To all appearances Sir John was perfectly rational, indeed, uncommonly clear-headed. He had risen to the occasion.

"You can trust her to me, my boy," he said cheerily, referring to Martia. "I'll look after her, and see that she doesn't mope. I've been talking to Forbes about getting away from London for a time. It is too hot to be pleasant or healthy just now, and he advises the East Coast as a bracing place for a stay. So I think we will go to Cromer for a month or two. Afterwards, if I get on all right, as I feel sure I shall, Forbes says I can go abroad. I shall take Martia with me. I should like to spend the winter in Rome."

"You are very good, sir," murmured Philip. He was astonished at the change he saw in his father, and all the time he was watching for, yet dreading, that sudden change to come over the old man's face, waiting for those words: "Philip, my son, there is something I want to remember—something I want to do before I die!" But the look and the words never came; and there was no talk of death, only of plans for the future, of life, and Martia. It was incomprehensible. What had happened? Had his father been mad then, or was he mad now?

The thought drove him to a kind of madness. For a few moments he felt it would be worth risking everything to know. He glanced nervously around the room, as if he feared there might be someone to see and hear. Then he said to Sir John boldly:—

"There is nothing else, sir, is there? Nothing I can do for you before I go?"

Sir John shook his head sadly. "No, my boy," he answered, "nothing, only to promise me to take care of yourself, and not run any unnecessary risks, and come home safely again." The old man's blue eyes grew cloudy,

as he looked up into his son's handsome face. "And, remember," he added, proudly, "that you are a Chesney, Philip."

The young man started as if someone had struck him. A Chesney! He—a Chesney? Merciful Heaven be thanked! It was all a mystery—incomprehensible, terrible; but it meant safety. His father's memory had gone. It was, indeed, as the doctors had said at the first, when the seizure had come.

That evening Father Lyle dined with them. They were only a party of four, and, considering the position, a very gay one. Martia exceeded herself in her endeavours to maintain an air of careless light-heartedness, and she kept them all laughing. Even Philip felt that a great weight had been lifted from his mind, and talked with greater freedom and life.

Sir John was in remarkably good spirits, too; while Father Lyle, always a most courteous and accomplished conversationalist, a keen wit, and broad-minded man, told many amusing stories. They drank to Philip's health, his safety, the success of the 22nd Hussars, and their speedy return, and there was never a word of the possibility of danger, the possibility of death, or wounds, or fever, or any of the many evils that lurked in the dim future. And yet they had all read the account of the British reverse that morning, and the casualty lists included the names of men known to them all. There was a grim humour in the thing, and deep down in Philip Chesney's heart a feeling that this forced merriment and callous ignoring of stern fact and possibility were uncanny.

Martia frightened him. Her gaiety was infectious; but it was none the less terrible. Sir John seemed younger, stronger, and in better spirits than he had been for years, and yet, every now and then, during a temporary lull in the conversation, Philip caught a passing shade of anxiety in the blue eyes, saw the lines deepen on the noble forehead of his father. And he longed to have done with it all. It was a farce. They were all acting parts, and they were doing it because of him. Only the priest seemed natural; but, then, nothing could ever affect the calm suavity of Patrick Lyle. He was a man who many years before, as a pale young Seminarian in Rome, had torn out his heart and crushed down all sense and feeling. He was not a man. There were moments when it seemed to Philip that he was enjoying this Comedy of Manners. Perhaps he rejoiced in it as a means of discipline, and delighted in seeing sense and feeling and heart trampled down under the juggernaut of convention. It was the worldly adaptation of his own creed.

There were times in the future when he thought of that dinner-party and went over every word and incident in his mind. It made a poignant and lasting impression upon him, so that he lived it all over again under the silent stars of an Indian night, as he lay

beside his horse on the burning earth, or on the long forced marches, or in the fierce excitement of a fight.

Sir John retired early. He was under doctor's orders, and he had already transgressed many rules. As his man led him away to his rooms he looked back and smiled. "I shall see you in the morning, Philip," he said. "Come in and say good-bye before you leave!"

Long afterwards he learnt that, as soon as Sir John had reached his bedroom, he had broken down like a child and cried:—"Oh, God! my son, my son!" and then he had fainted. But Henry, Sir John's valet, said nothing of this then. He, too, had entered into the spirit of the farce.

Martia played and sang for about half-an-hour, played light operatic airs and sang coon songs, as if she were the blithest and happiest little girl in all the wide world, and Lyle and Philip joined in the choruses, though they must all have heard the newsboys shouting in the street: "Pelham cut off. Great British losses. Extra special."

Martia retired about eleven, leaving Philip and the priest to play a game of billiards, or smoke and chat, as they felt inclined. They heard her humming "On the Road to Mandalay," as she went up the staircase.

"Well," said Father Lyle, "I suppose I ought to be going. It's late, and you must have a lot of things to do."

"Not at all," interrupted Philip. "I've done everything. There's nothing left but to catch the twelve o'clock train from Waterloo in the morning. Come into the billiard room and have a smoke, and a couple of hundred up, if you like—eh?"

"Thanks," said the priest. "I should like to, if you are sure I'm not keeping you up. And, by the way, Captain Chesney, I'd like to have a few words with you before I go, about Sir John."

"About my father?" Philip found himself feeling suddenly uncomfortable under the calm and kindly gaze of the priest.

Patrick Lyle was not a man for whom he cared, or with whom he had anything in common. He did not actively dislike the man, no one could do that; but he distrusted him, and hated his influence with his father. In Lyle he saw the Roman Church, his father's Church, and he was jealous of that Church, and hated its influence.

As a man, Lyle was a good fellow, enjoyed his food and wine in moderation, and knew a good cigar. He played a very fair game of billiards, was a good whist hand, and took quite an intelligent interest in sport. In all respects he was a well-informed man of the world, and he denied himself very few things in company, though there were those who said that in private he lived a life of monastic simplicity. He even went so far as to play for money, though he invariably gave his

Continued on Page 14.

Continued from page 13.

winnings—and he never lost—to the little sisters of Nazareth.

And it was this man who wielded such a power in society, a man who was of the world and yet not of the world—a Jesuit.

Patrick Lyle was an Irishman of a good Catholic family, who had been destined for the Church from the first. He was sent to Rome as a boy, took Orders, and entered a Monastic Order, soon to leave it for an important appointment at the Vatican. A dispute with an Italian Cardinal resulted in his severing his official connection with St. Peter's, and joining the Army of St. Ignatius Loyola, from which time he loyally made himself all things to all men.

There were those who said that Patrick Lyle had a great future before him, and that, had he been an Italian, he would have been a Cardinal. But, as it was, he laboured in a West End parish, and was known as a most cultured and charming gentleman with whom it was a pleasure to associate, and who never by any chance spoke of religious or political questions of his own accord.

Sir John Chesney had met Father Lyle about two years before, when a sudden and, to Philip, quite incomprehensible friendship had sprung up between them. And yet the two men, for all the five-and-twenty years' difference in their ages, had many thoughts and tastes in common on Art, on politics, and their outlook on life. Even at that time, when there had never been a question of religion between them, Philip had distrusted the priest; but when, after a year of close companionship, Sir John had been received into the Roman Church, his distrust of Father Lyle came perilously near to being dislike. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the priest should be conscious of the fact, and that he should desire to remove such a very formidable obstacle to his friendly and well-meant intercourse with the Chesney household. But that was difficult, since outwardly there had never been anything in the nature of a rupture between the two men; on the contrary, they got on very well together as two conventional, well-bred men inevitably must in these days of hypocrisy that goes by the name of polite manners.

"Your father," said the priest in answer to Philip's look of inquiry, "has had a most miraculous recovery, Captain Chesney. It seems to me that he is a new man, renewed in bodily and mental health, endowed with fresh energy. Don't you agree with me?"

"My father is certainly better than he has been for years," answered Philip. "And Forbes told me this afternoon that I should not know him when I come back. Forbes is a wonderful man. He has, as you say, performed a miracle."

A curious, almost playful, smile lurked in the calm eyes of the priest. "I hardly attributed the miracle to Dr. Forbes, Captain Chesney," he said. "The doctor gave your father up. I was called to administer the last Sacraments of the Church—you remember?"

Philip winced. He did remember most prominently. "Then," continued the priest, "although his life was not altogether despaired of, later on we were told by the doctor that Sir John was doomed to what would have been more than death. In death, in fact—paralysis of body and mind."

"Yes, I know," said Philip, wondering why Father Lyle was speaking of these things now. "And yet," the priest went on, "I knew that your father would not die. I did not mean him to die. I—I fought with God for his soul, and I won it; and I fought with God for his body and his life, and I won that. It was not a miracle of Dr. Forbes's, but it was a miracle all the same." Father Lyle crossed himself.

"Pon my soul," exclaimed Philip, "you can't really mean that—eh?"

"I do, most solemnly, as I believe in eternity."

"But, I say, that's positively—why it's medieval."

"It is eternal. You surely believe in prayer, Captain Chesney?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," answered Philip, feeling acutely uncomfortable, as most men do at the personal application of a theological truth. "Suppose we play billiards! You know, I'm no good at questions of this sort. It's out of my line. All I know is that I'm very glad the poor old pater has pulled through, and whether it's Forbes, you, or—the Almighty, I'm extremely obliged. Will you have some whisky, Father Lyle?"

"Thank you, yes. But, before we start our game, let me revert to my original intention. I did not mean to speak to you about the religious aspect of the case. It was a digression, caused by your remark about miracles. What I want to ask you, Captain Chesney, is this. Have you any reason to suppose or suspect that Sir John's memory has in any way been affected by his recent seizure?"

As he spoke, the priest looked at Philip gravely, and there was that in his gaze that sent a sudden chill to the young man's heart. For a moment a panic of suspicion and fear made havoc of Philip Chesney's presence of mind, and it was in a husky voice that he blurted out suddenly:—

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because," answered Father Lyle, "you and I will not meet again for some time, and I owe a certain duty to your father—and to you."

"I do not understand," said Philip dully. "What makes you speak to me like this? My father's memory—"

"Captain Chesney, let me be frank with you," interrupted the priest in that clear and beautifully-modulated voice of his, that was so pleasant to listen to. "I have been for

some months now in almost daily converse with your father. I have spent many happy and profitable hours with him; I may say that, quite apart from my religious office and connection with him, I have been his friend and confidant."

"I know," murmured Philip, "I quite understand. It has been a great boon to him, I am sure. He is—he is exceedingly attached to you." There was a note of sarcasm in his voice, a trace, too, of displeasure, ill-disguised.

"And," continued Father Lyle, ignoring the interruption, "because of that, and because of my constant companionship with Sir John, I have noticed several things—that is to say, I have observed that he never speaks of certain things, which he was wont to speak of, and references to certain persons, subjects and events which we frequently discussed in the past, appear now to puzzle and confuse him. Not all things, not many things, let me say. It is only on one or two subjects. Do you follow me?"

"What are they?" asked Philip bluntly.

"I do not think I ought to answer that question," said Father Lyle.

Philip's upper lip stiffened. "Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon," he retorted, coldly. "I did not wish to pry into the secrets of the Confessional. You started the subject, you know."

A faint flush crept into the smooth, ivory-tinted face of the priest, and his dark, sombre eyes gleamed for a moment in anger.

"You have no right to say a thing like that to me, Captain Chesney," he said, with quiet dignity. "I had already given you clearly to understand that I was speaking to you as your father's personal friend, not as his confessor. Your remark is not worthy of you. I am sure you do not mean it."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Philip, quickly. "I—I am sorry. Please forget it. You were saying—"

Father Lyle shook his head. "No, no," he said. "Perhaps I was wrong to speak to you on the subject, which, of necessity, must be peculiarly painful to you. My excuse is, as I have said, that you and I are about to part for a long time, and that I shall, I hope, as heretofore be in frequent converse with your father. Believe me, Captain Chesney, that my only wish is to be assured of your views in the matter. Personally, I am bound to think that your father has entirely lost his memory on certain points, though on others he is perfectly clear. I am not for a moment suggesting that his brain is affected seriously."

"I wish you'd come to the point," said Philip, a little bitterly. "What do you want me to say—or do?"

"Let me give you an example," said the priest. "You are his son, and, from a worldly point of view, you deserve the greatest consideration. Just before his seizure Sir John, of his own free will, and I may add for your satisfaction, without a word of suggestion from me, desired me to arrange for his reception at a retreat—that is, a religious house, you understand, where a man may live for a time in complete seclusion, for meditation and prayer, isolated from the world, in short, living for a time a monastic life."

"Do you mean to say he wants to become a monk?"

"I mean nothing of the sort," said the priest.

"I am afraid you do not follow me."

"I am afraid I don't," retorted Philip, hotly.

"The idea is preposterous—monstrous! And do you mean to tell me my father still means to—do this thing?"

"What I meant to tell you, Captain Chesney," said Father Lyle, "is that, since Sir John's illness, he has apparently entirely forgotten all about it."

"And so much the better. Pray, is there anything else?"

"There is," said the priest. "I hold in my hand a cheque which Sir John gave me three days before his illness for a thousand pounds, which he desired me to forward to a certain fund for the restoration of a church in Padua in which he takes—or took—a great interest."

"Well?"

"It happened," continued the priest, "that I did not forward his gift, because there was a question of terms, which I wished to speak to him about. I did so a few days ago."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"He is apparently unaware of ever having given me a cheque," said Father Lyle. "It is another example of a most inexplicable lapse of memory."

Philip's cheeks paled. "Well," he asked, hoarsely, "what are you going to do?"

"That is what I wanted to ask you. I have the cheque with me. I propose to destroy it—or give it to you to do so. Am I right?"

"Good God!" exclaimed Philip. "It is terrible."

"I do not know that it is very terrible," said the priest, quietly. "Sometimes I see in it the merciful hand of God."

"What do you mean?" cried the young man, fiercely.

"I said the merciful hand of God," repeated the priest, very quietly. "If you do not understand what I mean, Captain Chesney, I am afraid I cannot further enlighten you."

Philip sprang to his feet. "You are keeping back something," he cried, angrily. "Is there nothing else?"

Father Lyle looked up into the young man's pale, excited face. "There is nothing else between you and me, Captain Chesney," he said.

"But there is something!"

"That is between God and his servant," said the priest; and he held out his hand.

"Come, do not let us part in anger. You are going away; you are going to face danger and death. You must not go with hard

thoughts in your soul, Captain Chesney. I am sorry you mistrust me, misunderstand me. One day, perchance, things may be made clear. I am a man as well as a priest, and I understand. Let us say no more. See, here is your father's cheque—" He drew it, as he spoke, from a pocket in his soutane and tore it into minute fragments, and threw them into the grate. "I feel sure that is the only course for me to take. And, as for the rest, well, that is in the hands of God. I must go now, Captain Chesney. I hope you will go through the dangers that lie before you unscathed, and come back safe and sound. If my blessing is any good to you, I will give it to you. You never know, you know." He smiled, and his smile lit up his handsome face with something of supernatural light and power. "It can't do you any harm, at any rate," he added with a little deprecatory laugh.

He raised his hand, and something that was stronger than himself made Captain Philip Chesney bow his head, as the priest pronounced in his golden voice the Latin words of a Biblical blessing.

When Philip looked up, Father Lyle had gone.

On a untouched whisky and soda; his cigar had gone out; the billiard balls lay on the table; the game had never been played.

"Dominus benedictus!" The words sang in his brain.

A mist swam before his eyes, and he sank into a chair, his head in his hands.

"My God!" he groaned aloud. "He knows, he knows!"

CHAPTER XXII.

PHILIP CHESNEY had been gone six months, and, up to the latest reports from the seat of war, had passed through all dangers unscathed, had been twice mentioned in dispatches, and been the hero of a gallant defence of a position given up as hopeless. His portrait had been in all the illustrated papers, and a more or less veracious account of his life and career had been published in various forms some hundreds of times. Indeed, next to the brave Pelham himself, he was certainly the hero of the hour, and Mrs. Chesney was the recipient of most flattering congratulations, while old Sir John Chesney looked years younger, and never ceased talking of his brave boy at the front, and the newspapers containing the various references to the war which he had bought would fill a library. It was generally understood that Philip would get the D.S.O., and rumoured that Pelham had recommended him for the V.C.

It was in February, and Sir John and his daughter-in-law were in Mentone. They had been there ever since November. In August Sir John and Martia had, acting on the advice of Dr. Forbes, gone to Cromer; and in September the Baronet, having made wonderful progress, had taken Martia to the Continent. They spent a few weeks on their leisurely journey to the Riviera, stopping at Paris, at Dijon, Avignon, and at Marseilles, and reached the Riviera in November, amongst the first arrivals at a hotel in the East Bay, where Sir John had engaged a small suite of rooms on the second floor, with a superb view of the old town and the sea.

At that time Mentone was empty and desolate, and it rained a great deal, and Martia did not look forward with any great joy to the prospect of several months in this singularly dull and deserted spot.

At Cromer Sir John had talked of Rome and Naples, and had made all manner of plans for wintering there; and Martia had looked forward with almost childish excitement to her journey and sojourn in the enchanted land; but the doctors had said "No," and said it very firmly. Rome was no place for Sir John Chesney this year, and the cholera was raging in Naples. It must either be Mentone or Torquay. Sir John chose Mentone, and so it was arranged.

Six months had wrought a gradual, though a very marked, change in Martia Chesney. Those six months had been spent very quietly, in almost constant companionship with her father-in-law. She had read a great many books, and written a great many letters to Philip. Indeed, with novels and correspondence, there had been very little else for her to do; though there had been plenty of time to think and mope, and to grow morbid; and at first she had done all these things, so that Sir John grew quite anxious about her, and insisted on her seeing a doctor.

The doctor said it was nerves, and that she was probably worrying about her husband, and Sir John was content. But, before they left Cromer, she had regained a good deal of her lost colour and spirits. The change of scene and the excitement of travel, of seeing new scenes and faces, completed the cure. By the time they reached Mentone Martia was herself again, or so much herself that Sir John saw no outward or visible change in her appearance or manner worth troubling about.

Of late the news from India had been good, and there seemed every prospect of a speedy finish of the little war. It was generally understood that the worst was over, and that it was only a question of days before actual hostilities would cease altogether.

"Mentone," Martia said in a letter to Philip a few days after their arrival, "is the most deadly spot imaginable. It never ceases raining. I am wondering how long my reason will hold out. I wonder whether any-

body ever comes here to stay. There are six people in the hotel besides ourselves—all very old ladies who do nothing but talk of all the places they have seen and the prices of the various hotels they have stayed in. I am very miserable."

That was in November. In February she had another tale to tell.

"Mentone," she said to Philip, "is the most beautiful place I have ever seen, and the life is most interesting. The hotel is crammed. I am having a splendid time, and the pater is so good. How I wish you were here."

And so on ad infinitum. It marked the great change.

Philip, when he read the letters many weeks afterwards, far away in India, felt curiously and quite unaccountably unsettled in his mind, and, if he had analysed his feeling in the matter, he would most probably have had to confess that he would have preferred Martia not to be so very happy and contented. It was not exactly flattering to him.

Martia, at this time, was having, to all appearances, a remarkably good time. There was quite a colony of her friends and acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and more were expected.

Lady Dexter and her two daughters were coming South in a week or two, and had already engaged rooms at the hotel. It was also rumoured, though Martia devoutly hoped that the rumour was false, that Lord Clowes was going to break all the rules of his life and leave England for six weeks, to see, as he put it in a letter to Sir John, whether the Riviera were any milder than the South garden of Clowes Park.

Life during this period was, for Martia, mainly made up of a round of pleasant, unconventional social parties, donkey excursions up into the mountains, to St. Agnes, Belinda, and Castillon; drives along the Corniche Road with Sir John, or gentle promenades in the Public Gardens at the mouth of the beautiful Carai Valley, where the band played twice a day most commendably; or, sometimes, a longer excursion with a jolly party of acquaintances to Nice, or to Ventimille and Bordighera, while the near proximity of Monte Carlo tempted them to spend many an afternoon watching the interesting cosmopolitan crowds in the Rooms or on the Terrace, and at the Café de Paris.

And it was one day, when Martia and two or three friends of hers were spending the afternoon at Monte Carlo, that she met Colonel Joscelyn.

She had not seen him since that day, more than six months ago, when they had parted at Thorlampton. Neither had she heard from him, directly or indirectly. Why should she? She had twice seen his name in the English newspapers; once, sometime in the autumn, when a word or two told her that he was one of the guests of a certain well-known peer for grouse shooting in Scotland, and later, just after Christmas, when she saw his name mentioned in a visitors' list of a Paris hotel.

Although, if she had thought of it, it was the most likely thing to meet him at Monte Carlo, where one can never be sure of avoiding anyone. As a matter of fact, Colonel Joscelyn was the last person in the world she expected to meet. The meeting was quite ordinary and commonplace. They met on the steps of the Casino, exactly where some hundreds and thousands of people must meet every year. He raised his soft grey felt hat and looked startled as he exclaimed:—

"Mrs. Chesney! Is it really you? How do you do?"

Perhaps he expected to see a white, drawn face of mute agony and suppressed emotion, in short, the face of the woman he had left in England six months ago; but in this he was agreeably disappointed.

Martia was looking particularly well, and was, moreover, in excellent spirits. When Paul Joscelyn first saw her her face was wreathed in the happiest of smiles, and a sound of her rippling laughter came to him above the murmur of the throng. For a moment he was startled, because he had been carrying about these six months a mental picture of the girl as he had last seen her, forgetting that he himself had then foretold that in six months she would be changed.

To be Continued To-morrow.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

"TO MY GRANDMOTHER."

This relative of mine
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen
As a bride.
Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste—
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!
With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
Falsala,—
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Frederick Locker.

READ THE SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS ON THIS PAGE & THE NEXT.

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SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

HALL PORTER, age 31; 14s. weekly; good season reference—O 84, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

INDOOR Servant, good; age 23; £24; nine months' reference—O 83, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PORTER, good; age 21; £26; short reference through friend—O 85, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PORTER-VALET; wages 10s. up; two years' reference—T. 3, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITER or Flatman, age 35; £40-£45; highly recommended; German—O 82 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Cooks.
COOK (lady); now at liberty; aged 29; £50; £60; Kitchinmaid and Scullerymaid required—303, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK, first-class, accustomed to mass catering; age 40; £50; total abstinence; superior; now disengaged—301, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK, experienced, hotel or boarding-house; £35-£40; quiet—36, Tottenham Court-road, W.C.

COOK (plain); disengaged December 5; £40; good references—O 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK; wages £30; Church; good references—T. 11, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

COOK; wages £25; with good references—T. 9, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; wages £55; excellent references; total abstinence; Church—T. 12, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

Housekeepers.
HOUSEKEEPER-COOK requires post in business house where son can live; £20—O 97, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MAID-HOUSEKEEPER; wages £35-£40; £45-£50—B. 5, Jpec-street, Battersea Park.

MAID-HOUSEKEEPER; wages £35-£40; good references; very superior; R. C. T. 12, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

Housemaids.
HOUSEMAID, age 25; £13-£20. Hotel reference; will take private—O 76, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSEMAID (experienced); town or country; disengaged now—T. 13, Adams-mews, Grosvenor-square.

Chambermaids.
HOUSECHAMBERMAID, experienced; age 30; £18; disengaged—O 79, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSECHAMBERMAID, age 24; £16-£18; disengaged now—O 80, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSECHAMBERMAID, age 26; £18; good references—O 81, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Parlourmaid.
PARLOURMAID, thoroughly experienced; £30; two years' reference—O 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Lady's Maid.
LADY'S MAID, age 37; £35; good dress-making and hairdressing; good references—O 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

General Servants.
FRENCH LADY desires Useful Help's place; £24; no English—O 78, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

INDOOR SERVANT; wages 10s.; reference—B. 303, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

INDOOR SERVANT; age 46; town or country; G. 30, Hild-road, S.W.

USEFUL Help disengaged; age 43; £30; also housekeeper—252, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Stillroom Maid.
STILL ROOM MAID; wages 10s. to 15s.; splendid hotel reference—O 75, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Nurses.
LADY (Danish); disengaged Dec. 8; seeks situation as lady nurse to lady or child in London; good references; £36-£32, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MATERNITY Nurse (certified Queen Charles reference); six guineas, monthly—Nurse Edwards, 7, Norfolk Avenue, Southend.

SUPERIOR Children's Nurse; take baby from the month; age 28; £26; good references—O 302, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Governesses.
GOVERNESS or Companion, age 43; £60; nine years' reference; any post of trust—O 71, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GOVERNESS to young children; kindergarten; age 37; £30-£35-£35, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

NURSERY Governess, Norwegian; Protestant; age 50; £20-£25; references—262, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Kitchenmaids.

KITCHENMAID, first-class; age 32; £40; must sleep out; 15 years' reference—O 77, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

KITCHENMAID; £14-15; excellent reference—T. 4, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

Hotels and Boarding Houses.
MANAGERESS for boarding-house, age 37; £30; disengaged—£20, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MANAGERESS, experienced, for hotel; age 37; £30; good references—£19, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PORTER (hotel); wages 10s.; good reference—T. 2, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

STAFFMAID; wages, £10; good references; age 45, New Bond-street.

Waitresses.
HOUSE WAITRESS; 13 years' reference; age 30; £20; disengaged—503, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITRESS for tea-room, thoroughly experienced; £25; now disengaged—308, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITRESS; wages £16-18s.; excellent character—T. 7, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

WAITRESS; wages 8s.; references—T. 1, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

Companion.
EXPERIENCED lady requires post as Companion to young lady; Paris France; £75; go 1 traveller—307, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Miscellaneous.
A COMPANION and coach to pupils wishing to practice or to articles—Mrs. Symonds-Tindal, 18, Old Burlington-street, W.

GENTLEMAN leaving for Argentina, 20th willing to undertake private commission; investigations etc.; second visit—Box 6, Blake's Newsagency, Felling.

GENERAL CLERK, middle aged, good add. & dress; to assist in clerical situation; good refs; wages 20s.-25s., 56, London-road, Clapton.

WILL kind employer, in London, give light clerical work to educated lady; 21; nice appearance and manner; has recovered from mental illness, induced by overstudy for examination as teacher—Write, care of Miss Wells, Church House, Dean's-yard, Westminster.

WANTED, by elderly couple, as caretakers, place of trust; husband an gardener; good references—B. 13, Basing-road, Peckham.

WOMAN wants charring or office cleaning—E. T. 1, Cross-road, Wimbledon.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.
FOOTMAN (Young), single-handed, for London; £20; all found—No. 9, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GROOM (smart) wanted at once; age 20; country—Mrs. Hulton, Oakfield House, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.

HOUSE PORTER required for large residence; tail hotel—Mr. Ross, Paragon House Hotel, Ramsgate.

UNDER-FOOTMAN required, for Herefordshire—O 103, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Cooks.
COOK (mod.) for country, at once—Mrs. Sewell, Epping-place, Epping.

COOK (good plain) for country; 3 in family; house-parlourmaid and nurse—Kilburn, Tottenham, Kent.

COOK and House-parlourmaid required by 20th out, £20, £16; kitchenmaid kept, 274, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK and House-parlourmaid wanted at once—Mrs. Nevill, Lynwood Church, Cockham Street, R. 10, W.

COOK (good plain); Jan.; large business house; country town; £20-30; Tippling-street, Stafford.

COOK (General); good wages for a reliable maid; another kept—Robson, "Leighton-street," 25, City Road, Birmingham.

COOK (General) wanted; cheerful, willing; £18; also Housemaid; £14; 3 servants; kept—Pryor, 350, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK (plain) wanted, single-handed, for clergyman's family, small; wages £18 to £24, Mrs. Hales, Toller-ton, Notts.

COOK wanted to help in house; no basement—P. Homefield, Platt's-lane, Hampstead.

COOK (good), age 20 to 24; quiet place; one in family; three servants kept; wages to £22—Reid, 51, Madiera Park, Tunbridge Wells.

COOK (good, plain), for London—C. 4, Adonis-gardens, Kensington.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

(Continued.)

COOK (good, plain) wanted, single-handed—Mrs. Chambers, Phil House, Barnstable, 37.

COOK (good plain) immediately for Peterborough; also trained house-parlourmaid; wages £20-24, £10, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK (plain) wanted for country; £20-P. Hollywood, Old Southgate.

COOK, £20; house-parlourmaid, £16; for country—Williams, Windermere, Canon's Park, Edgware, Middlesex.

COOK, experienced, wanted; £40-£50; kitchenmaid kept—£40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-GENERAL and young House-Parlourmaid; small family—Apply, 64, Mount Ararat-road, Richmond.

COOK-GENERAL and Nurse-Housemaid; £18, £16; two children—Apply, 28, Arcadian-gardens, Boves Park, N.

COOK-GENERAL wanted; young, willing; easy, comfortable place; housemaid kept; close station—A. Crenson Lodge, Feltham.

COOK-GENERAL and two house-parlourmaids wanted for private house—Mrs. Douglas, Stanley House, Hounslow.

COOK-GENERAL wanted; about 25; good personal character indispensable—A. C. family, 5, Victoria—341, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted; 2 in family—Apply 4, Fregal-parade, Finchley-road.

COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted; wages £18; in family—Mrs. Taylor, 9, Addison-road, Bedford-park, W.

COOK-GENERAL required; nurse, house-parlourmaid kept; £20—The Turret, Dartmouth-road, Brombury.

COOK-GENERAL, at once; £20; five in family—£79, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-GENERAL two in family; no late dinner; £20; £25-£26, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-GENERAL wanted; family two; houseboy kept; wages £20-£22—Breach, Northwick, Beckenham.

COOK-GENERAL wanted; tradesman's private girl kept; house to £18-8, 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-GENERAL, Swiss preferred; required by 25th; £16-18; 25, Parkside, Finchley, Tomkins, 37, Northby-crescent.

COOK-GENERAL and Nurse-Housemaid; £18, £16; two children—Apply, 28, Arcadian-gardens, Boves Park, N.

General Servants.
FOREIGNER wanted (German preferred) as General for flat; 2 in family; must cook well—D. 21, Ashley-place, Victoria.

GENERAL (young) for 2 in family; Kensington; £10-£12—O 101, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GENERAL wanted, for very easy place; good wages—B. 8, Buckleigh-road, Streatham Court, Richmond.

GENERAL SERVANT required immediately; good plain cook, also good references; also stairs; help given upstairs; wages £22; boy kept; wages 2s. home by woman—Apply 343, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GENERAL (good), for business house; to assist kitchen; good wages to reliable person; good outings—Apply 3, King-street, Regent-street.

GENERAL, Dec. 5th; quiet private family; age 30; preferred; £14 to £16; fare paid—Mrs. G. M. Malvern-road, Littlehampton.

GENERAL wanted; 3 in family; no children—Write Mrs. Voil, Richmond-road, Kingston-on-Thames.

GENERAL (good) wanted; teacher's family; £15-18—Write Mrs. Parkinson, 108, Percy-road, Shepherd's Bush.

GENERAL (good) Plain Cook; 2 in family; wages 24s.; £16-Fraser, 12, Lyncoft-gardens, Ealing, W.

GENERAL—Respectable Girl wanted immediately, in small family; quiet district; good references indispensable. Apply, by letter, 25, Parkside, Finchley, N.W.

GENERAL Servant wanted, immediately; small flat; good plain cook; nurse kept; Mrs. Clayton, Grove Park-gardens, Chiswick, W.

GENERAL for small flat; 2 in family—Madam, 21, Mentone Mansions, Fulham-road.

GERMAN or Swiss General, £18-£20, best circles only. The duties of the position are light and congenial, but applicants MUST be quick at figures, and must be of the principles of Commercial Investment. No other need apply.

RESPECTABLE Person wanted; plain cooking; some needlework; girl and man-servant kept; family 3; state age—Stanford and Kingsley, Newbury.

SUPERIOR General, Swiss preferred; 3 in family; £16 to £20; for country—264, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL HELP or General preferred; two in family; £16-£20, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL HELP wanted; small house; family two; state age, salary, capabilities, references, enclosing photograph—Felling, Slough.

USEFUL Maid, one lady; drawing-room lamps to do; £24; two in family; three servants kept—275 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL SERVANT wanted at once; one lady; £20-£22—O 72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

(Continued.)

WANTED, Useful Help; plain cooking; servant kept—543, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG General, 17 or 18 years; £10; no cooking required—261, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG General for three in family; £10-£12-£25, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG LADY as mother's help; domestic; 10; cated; fond of children; comfortable home; small salary—Apply, by letter only, Mrs. Treweek, 82, Barrington-road, Crouch-end, W.

Lady's Maids.
MAID, experienced, for Wales; good halldresser and dressmaking; £30; age 30 to 35—260, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MAID (useful), French-Swiss Protestant; lady preferred; dressmaking, hairdressing—N. Glenburn, Worcester-road, Sutton, Surrey.

Housemaids.
GOOD single-handed Housemaid wanted; five in family; £20-£22-£39, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSEMAID (single-handed) wanted; age 20; £18-£25, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSEMAID wanted at once; 6 servants kept—B. 137, Harley-street.

HOUSEMAIDS, Two Required, one as housekeeper; housemaid for linen and supervision; £10; £10 all found—O 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSEMAID, good needlewoman, one who has been trained under upper housemaid, preferred; family seven; five servants—E. Brittain Lodge, Edwars-square, W.

HOUSEMAID, good, wanted; two in family; three servants kept; £16-£22—O 72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

NURSE-HOUSEMAID required at once; five in family; £16-18-£27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Companion.
COMPANION HELP, bright amiable young lady in small family; charge of little child; easy, comfortable home; small salary—R. 5, Linden-gardens, Chiswick.

Governess.
GOVERNESS or Companion Attendant; wages £20 up; excellent references—T. 6, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street.

Kitchenmaids.
KITCHENMAID wanted by 25th; £16-£45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

KITCHENMAID single-handed for seaside; private family—Apply, 25, Parkside, Finchley, N.W. Also Under-housemaid.

KITCHENMAID required immediately for large residential hotel; must understand vegetables, sauces, etc.—Mrs. Rose, Paragon House Hotel, Ramsgate.

KITCHENMAID wanted, at once; gentleman's house; paying guests; £18-£20-£30, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

Nurses.
NURSE, for one child, and to wait a little on two ladies—Mrs. H. 30, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park.

UNDER-NURSE (good); over 16; 3 children; person's character essential; £14-£16—Mrs. Bennett Barry, 25, Parkside, Finchley, N.W.

WANTED, French Nurse; four children; age 29; £20-£35, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WANTED, good Nurse; two children; £26-£34, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Parlourmaids.
HOUSE-PARLOURMAID required for 3 in family; 4 servants kept; £24-£30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID in gentleman's family; £16-£17; 7 in family—Doorne, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, experienced; wanted at once—Mrs. Patterson, 7, Egerton-gardens, S.W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted immediately for 10 in family; 2 in family; wages £17-20-£25, 25, Parkside, Finchley, N.W.

PARLOURMAID, for three in family; 5 servants kept; no beer—£78, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PARLOURMAID wanted; six in family; £22-£24-£42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Hotels and Boarding Houses.
HOUSE waitress for large residential hotel; must be experienced—Mrs. Rose, Paragon House Hotel, Ramsgate.

Housekeeper.
FRENCHWOMAN wanted to undertake general work of small house—O. 104, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Miscellaneous.
AN IMPORTANT LONDON FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE for one of his clients, ready able to introduce a new form of high-class investment (equivalent to Trust Securities) readily acceptable at all times improving prices, in which applications from ladies would be most light and congenial, but applicants MUST be quick at figures, and must be of the principles of Commercial Investment. No other need apply.

THE COMMISSION IS VERY LIBERAL, and the business offers excellent immediate returns to suit the pocket of the investor. Should be addressed in the first instance to F.G.P. Bond Department, 557, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

CARETAKERS wanted for office; man to attend door during day, wife to do cleaning; salary large required—Apply, by letter, Carstairs, 11, Leicester-place, W.C.

KIND, cheerful, companionable woman; duties, mending, light dusting, wait on elderly couple; Lincoln—£20-25—B. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

THE Mayfair Shoe Company, 9, Vere-street, London, W., are now appointing lady representatives to visit ladies, and to sell shoes, liberal terms—Apply at once to Manager for particulars.

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BOARD RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

ART Students, or other ladies engaged during day; Bedrooms and sitting-rooms, partial board; moderate terms; pens in South Kensington—O 80, Talgarth-road, West Kensington.

APARTMENTS, partial board; suit City gentleman; also select drawing room and bed room; terms moderate—188, Brixton-road.

BAYSWATER—12, Portchester-gardens; modern, comfortable winter home; excellent table; from 25s.

BEDROOM (small) for lady; 8s. 6d. weekly, including breakfast—41, New Bond-street. References required.

BED-SITTING ROOMS; board optional; convenient City West—27, Grafton-square, Clapham-common.

BED-SITTING ROOM (comfortable); breakfast daily, full Sundays, 10s. 6d.

